



No. 244.—VOL. XIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS MARION TERRY IN "IN THE DAYS OF THE DUKE," AT THE ADELPHI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

MISS MARY ANDERSON'S REAPPEARANCE.

Since her retirement from the stage, Miss Mary Anderson, now Madame de Navarro, has lived at Broadway, an English "Sleepy Hollow" nestling at the foot of the Cotswolds. She has entirely thrown off the artist and become as much one of the people as the good folks her neighbours, many of whom, by the way—such is the primitiveness of the village—have never seen a railway, and know no more advanced mode of locomotion than the carrier's cart. As for the rumour which went round the country the other day that Madame de Navarro intends to re-enter public life as a vocalist, it is the mere vapourings of the gossip-monger. Miss Anderson has always taken a pleasure in singing, and the only "new news" is this, that her voice is a much finer one than its possessor ever imagined. The credit of finding this out is due to Miss Maude Valerie White, the composer, Miss Anderson's next-door neighbour and congenial spirit. Miss White was delighted with her friend's voice, and took the greatest pleasure in helping to develop it. What more natural, then, than that Miss Anderson should assist at her friend's concert? Dismiss the idea of the great actress's becoming a professional vocalist as the veriest dream.

"THE 'PRENTICE PILLAR."

The production of "The 'Prentice Pillar," at her Majesty's Theatre, on Friday evening makes a worthy addition to the list of operas which have been based on Scottish legend. The opera tells the old story of the famous pillar in the collegiate school of Roslin, near Edinburgh, which was desecrated by a mob at the Revolution, and stood windowless for a century and a-half, being rescued at last by its proprietor, the Earl of Rosslyn, and reopened in 1862. The pillar is a beautiful specimen of Gothic tracery. The legend has been recast by Mr. Guy Eden and Mr. Reginald Somerville in this wise: Vincenzo, the Italian sculptor, had promised to finish the chapel within a certain date, but fell ill on the eve of carving the last pillar. His Scottish apprentice Alan, however, who was in love with his daughter Lisetta, did the work in secret. The master had promised the girl to Brunone, his Italian apprentice, whose hot blood was fired to vengeance by the double success of Alan. When the consecration day came, Vincenzo, weak and frail, was taken to the chapel, only to declare before the congregation that his contract had not been fulfilled. The curtain, however, was drawn aside from the pillar, and lo! there it was, completely finished.



MISS ADELE RITCHIE IN "THE WIZARD OF THE NILE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

But people did not know this when they went to the concert at the Lygon Arms, an old hostelry with memories of King Charles and Cromwell. The hall was crowded with people—country gentry, enthusiastic Americans, and loyal Broadwayites (who swear by Miss Anderson as the good genius of this lovely village). Miss Anderson sang no fewer than eight songs, most of them the compositions of Miss White. Her voice is a full and deep contralto, flexible and of fine timbre. The spirit with which the singer attacked the familiar "Absent yet Present" astonished her friends. They had come prepared to hear the singing of a clever amateur. But here was dramatic fire, variety of expression, and, above all, a deep sense of musical propriety. The applause was as sincere as it seemed grateful to the singer. No need to ask whether Madame de Navarro was pleased. Her face told the tale. In her dress of pale-green silk, graceful and lissom as of yore, she looked as young as when she first captivated England's heart as Perdita or Juliet. The face of the successful artist is seldom entirely pleasing when in repose: there is almost invariably a spoiled, selfish look, some suggestion of pettishness or regret. But Miss Anderson is unspoiled by her success, and one may verily believe that her self-imposed seclusion has brought with it no heart-burnings. She lives between her domestic cares, the delights of social life, and the consolations of the little chapel, whose altar she is as proud to adorn as she was that of the Ursuline Convent at Louisville in her girlhood days.

The old man was in ecstasy, for he thought a miracle had been performed. In the height of his joy, however, he was cast down by the suggestion of Brunone that Lisetta had lost her honour to Alan, and, as the good apprentice's words only served to corroborate the taunt, Vincenzo stabbed him to the heart. Then Lisetta pointed to the pillar as his handiwork that had saved her father's honour, and the old man sank down in an agony of grief. There is plenty of tragedy, well balanced, in the little piece, which unfolds itself with much grace. The music is very appropriate and extremely creditable to Mr. Somerville, who, if I mistake not, used to be a member of Mr. Edwardes' forces. Mr. William Paul, who is so excellent as the father in "Hänsel and Gretel," figured as the apprentice. Mr. Homer Lind was melodramatically vigorous as Brunone, Miss Attalie Claire was Lisetta, and Mr. Arthur Winckworth was Vincenzo. The opera was very well received by an enthusiastic audience. One young lady in the stalls created much amusement by standing up and clapping her hands in the most vigorous way. "Hänsel and Gretel," which followed, was extremely well done, Miss Marie Elba again appearing as the Hänsel, while Madame Julia Lennox resumes her part of the mother, which she has played so often in town before. As I have said, Mr. William Paul makes an excellent Peter; Miss Ormerod, the new Gretel, sings clearly and shows a keen sense of humour. The popularity of Humperdinck's charming work remains unbroken, and, indeed, it deserves to succeed.



MISS ADELE RITCHIE IN "THE WIZARD OF THE NILE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE EARL OF SEAFIELD.

The vicissitudes of great families are indeed more romantic than anything that fiction can conceive. A striking example is the noble house of Grant, represented to-day by James Ogilvie-Grant, the eleventh Earl of Seafield, who was born in New Zealand in April 1876, and succeeded his father, who held the title only for six months, nine years ago. The family trace their origin to an Ogilvy in the fifteenth



THE EARL OF SEAFIELD AS A BOY.

century, whose descendants were made Earls of Findlater. The fourth earl, who was a great lawyer, was created Earl of Seafield in 1701. He was, in turn, Solicitor-General of Scotland, Secretary of State, Lord High Treasurer, Chancellor of Scotland, Keeper of the Great Seal, and one of the representative peers. On the death of the seventh earl, his great-grandson, without issue, in 1811, the male line of Ogilvie came to an end, the earldom of Findlater fell into abeyance, and that of Seafield reverted to a Grant, who assumed the name of Ogilvie.

So busy has death been with this family that the countesses of the seventh, ninth, and tenth earls are still living, and it is the first who holds the family estates in Banff and Moray. When her husband, the seventh earl, died, in 1881, the estates devolved on his son (who died three years later without issue), and then on the latter's uncle, who died in 1888. He was succeeded by his eldest son, who had gone to Oamaru, New Zealand, where he was in turn a labourer, a farmer, and a member of the Legislature. He left six children, the eldest of whom came of age quite recently. The young Earl has never seen the Old Country, for he lives at Oamaru, where the accompanying picture of him was taken some years ago. But his clansmen have presented him with addresses, in one of which the subscribers "recall with pride that, notwithstanding the adverse circumstances with which for years he had to contend, he never forgot his obligations to his noble lineage, but throughout maintained the character of an honourable and upright man, and had the respect of all who came in contact with him." The young man is now on his way home to see the ancestral estates. Before leaving New Zealand he was made the recipient at Dunedin of the good wishes of the people with whom he had passed the years of his minority. There is a genuine ring of sincerity in the young Earl's reply. "In a retrospective sense," he said, "it is impossible for one in my position to regard events in connection with the fortunes of my house with other than mixed feelings; but, with God's help and the support of your kindly sympathy, I shall endeavour to so shape my life that I may hope each year to still further win the goodwill of all true clansmen both at home and abroad." The Earl is sure to get a warm welcome when he arrives in the North, with which his family have been so long connected, and where his great-aunt, the Dowager Countess, is beloved by the whole district for her many acts of charity. Cullen House, where she often resides, is full of the most interesting pictures connected with Scottish history, and the family estates, lying in one of the most fertile districts in the North of Scotland, form a very desirable property.

SCOTT'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.

The marriage of Miss Mary Josephine Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford, which took place at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon, last week, is the first alliance that the great-great-grandchildren of Sir Walter Scott have made. The bridegroom is Mr. Alexander Dalgleish, son of Mrs. Dalgleish Bellasis, of Lulworth Castle, Wareham, Dorset, and it remains to be seen whether he, like everybody (save Lockhart) who has married a female descendant of Scott, will change his name to Scott. The story of the house of Sir Walter is one of the most pathetic in the whole range of family-building. It was Scott's dearest wish to found a house which should carry on the traditions of his great ancestors, who were cadets of the Scotts of Harden, now represented by Baron Polwarth. Scott reared Abbotsford at enormous cost, but there his work began and ended. His eldest son, who succeeded to the baronetcy, survived him only fifteen years, and died, in 1847, unmarried, at the Cape. And so the baronetcy became extinct. His second son died at far-off Teheran, also unmarried. So the name of Scott was left to his daughter Charlotte, who married Lockhart, the biographer of Sir Walter. Her son, Walter Scott Lockhart, adopted the name of Scott, but, with all the extraordinary fatality that had overcome his uncles, he, too, died unmarried at the age of twenty-six, and so the estate passed to his sister Charlotte, who married J. R. Hope, Q.C., a member of the Hopetoun family, and he, of course, adopted the name Scott. They had three children, but their only son died in childhood, and once again a woman came to rule. This was Mary Monica. In 1874 she married the Hon. Joseph Constable-Maxwell (third son of Lord Herries), who, as a matter of course, adopted the name Scott. They have had six children, the eldest of whom, Walter Joseph Maxwell-Scott, born in 1875, is in the Army. He has two brothers and two sisters living. Mary Josephine, who was married last week, was born in 1876. Thus it will be seen that the present generation of Scotts have been in turn Lockharts, Hopes, and Maxwells. These are all excellent names with honourable histories behind them, and yet, in strict genealogical sequence, the present generation to which the bride of to-day belongs is very far removed from the author of "Waverley." By a curious coincidence Scott's biographer is recalled at this moment, for John Gibson Lockhart's nephew has just become Commander-in-Chief of the forces in India. This is Sir William Stephen Alexander Lockhart, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., who succeeded Sir George White the other day. Sir William's father, the Rev. Lawrence Lockhart,

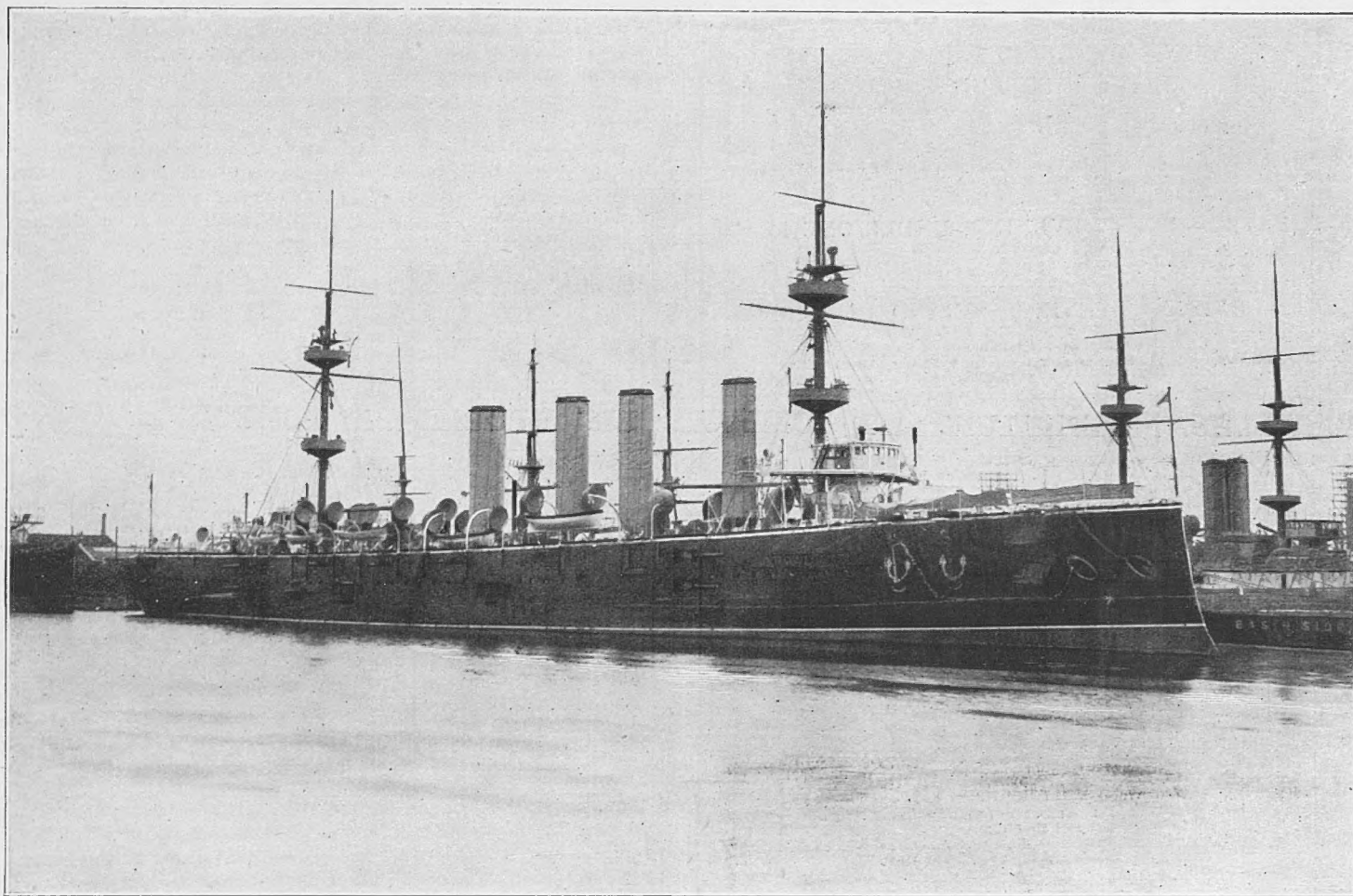


MISS MARY MAXWELL-SCOTT, NOW MRS. ALEXANDER DALGLEISH.

was the half-brother of John Gibson Lockhart. The General, who was born in 1841, began his military career with the 5th Fusiliers in Oude. He has served in ten campaigns in India, most notably the Black Mountain expedition and the Afghan campaign of 1879-80, when he was present in the operations round Kabul. He was given a brigade in the Burmese War of 1886-7, and has since been engaged in several frontier wars, just as his ancestors probably used to figure in the raids which characterised the Scottish Border in days of old.

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PARIS GOSSIP.

Trials are at present being made in Paris of what will undoubtedly
prove to be the fastest engine in the world. It is an electric engine,
and has been built by the Compagnie de l'Ouest. The first trial took
place the other day between the stations of the Champ de Mars and
Achères. The engine *La Fusée*, which was built by the same company
some time ago, and which made such astounding trial-runs between Paris
and Rouen, covered the ground at the rate of 120 kilomètres an hour,
about 74 miles. Certain technical difficulties, however, could not be
overcome, and *La Fusée* was never put into regular service. It appears
that these difficulties have been got over in the new engine, which will
at least equal, if not exceed, the speed of *La Fusée*. Its length is
19 yards, and its weight 122 tons. Like a man-of-war, it is furnished in
front with a sort of rammer, which cuts the air. Two dynamos and a
motor are installed under the roof that shelters the driver. The appear-
ance of this leviathan in steel and brass is formidable and imposing, and
the inventor, Mr. Heilmann, seems to have made a success of his system.

Apocryph of the Exhibition, and of the thousands of English-speaking
people who will visit Paris in 1900, a very enterprising step has just been
taken by the proprietors of the "Magasins du Louvre," the Whiteley's of
Paris. They are going to teach English to their employees. A series of
classes has been arranged, and a number of the young men and women
who serve at the counters will have the opportunity of learning the
English language free of charge. The administration itself is going to
pay the professors, who are all Englishmen. This scheme will enable
English-speaking customers to be served more agreeably, and will render,
too, the assistance of the hateful interpreter unnecessary. The example set
by the "Magasins du Louvre" in this respect is one which the Government
would do well to follow. In the Government schools, no Englishman is
allowed to teach his native tongue to a Frenchman unless he has passed
an examination entitling him to do so. It therefore often happens that
English is taught by a Frenchman. Perhaps this is the reason why the
majority of French people seem to think that the best part of the English
language consists of such expressions as, "Oh yes, Very well, All right."
It may also be the cause of so few of them ever getting beyond the
ejaculation of these elementary phrases.

Tolerably full details concerning the projected Wagner Theatre which
M. Charles Lamoureux contemplates establishing in Paris have now
come to hand. M. Lamoureux, whose intention to abandon the
conductorship of his famous orchestra has already been announced, will
be assisted in his ambitious scheme by his son-in-law, M. Chevillard,
several of whose works have, I think, been performed at the Lamoureux
concerts at Queen's Hall. The new opera-house will be constructed on
the approved Bayreuth lines, and M. Lamoureux hopes to be able to
present the entire "Ring des Nibelungen" and most of the other
Wagnerian operas. Other matters, such as the site, are yet unsettled,
and the building will, at any rate, not be opened before the Paris
Exhibition of 1900. I presume that M. Lamoureux has now tested
sufficiently the strength of Wagnerism in France, but only a few years
back the enterprise would have been regarded as Quixotically risky, and
even as physically dangerous to its conductors. The change of opinion
is thus strikingly great.

No Englishman who has ever left his native land and trodden French
soil has returned without cursing the mixed-up system of silver
coinage that prevails there. But a greater peril, and one that, instead of
simply leading to a dispute with a waiter, may end in a night in jail, is
to hand. Taking advantage of the fall in the value of silver, the
"smashers" have secured an enormous quantity of ingots, and are
turning out by the thousand pieces of five francs, which, so far as their
intrinsic value is concerned, are equal to those issued by the Monnaie.
So far every attempt on the part of the police to find out their head-
quarters has been without result, and so perfect is the imitation that only
the authorities at the Monnaie can detect the difference. Several of the
unsuspecting have already been under lock and key.

In matters geographical the ignorance of the French is proverbial.
There is a plausible excuse for this, perhaps, for, if any reference was
made to their own colonies, it would have to read, "a French possession
mainly populated by the English." But they carried their ignorance in
this connection to a ridiculous point when the King of Siam made his
entry into Paris. Force of habit led them to cheer promiscuously, and,
when the crowd drifted down into details, it acclaimed Russia and the
President. As long, however, as the King was the reason for this little
curbstone holiday, it was felt that he deserved some recognition, but it
was difficult to find a cry. No chorus of voices can be expected to start
at the same time, and get there altogether, if they have to say, "Vive
Choulalongkorn." At this instant of indecision a small boy yelled out,
"Vive l'Afrique," and this was taken up all along the line. Speaking
of kings on their travels reminds me that Menelik has practically decided
to rent a hotel for the 1900 Exhibition, and to spend money without
stint in giving fêtes of so gorgeous a character as European monarch
has never dreamed of.

"THE REAPER."

The beautiful photographic study of "The Reaper," reproduced else-
where in this issue, is really the work of Mr. J. Palmer Clarke, of
Bury St. Edmunds. The Editor regrets that it has been attributed to
Mr. Reid, of Wishaw. The mistake was detected only after the section
had gone to press.

THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R.Coll. Phys., Lond., &c.

CONTENTS: Part I.—What Constitutes Robust Health? Dangerous Conditions due to Corpulency: Weak Heart
and Congestive Diseases of the Circulation—Diet: the only Safe and Permanent Cure—Diet: Safe at any Age—Quick
Medicines, Drugs and Purgatives, permanently Injurious or Fatal for this Purpose—Foods of Energy, and of Heat;
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SMALL TALK.

For a nineteen-year-old girl, Señorita Evangelina Cassio y Cisneros, the pretty Cuban patriot now in prison in Havana, has certainly succeeded in getting herself a great deal of notoriety. In fact, she has leaped into world-wide prominence. All are more or less familiar with the story of



SEÑORITA EVANGELINA CASSIO Y CISNEROS,
THE PRETTY CUBAN PATRIOT NOW IN PRISON IN HAVANA.
From the New York Times.

her assumption of the command of her father's army after his arrest as a suspect. Later, she was betrayed by one of her band, and sent to join her father as a political prisoner. The women of England and America have united in a movement on her behalf, and the Pope has been induced to intercede with the Queen Regent of Spain. Twenty years' penal servitude at the least stares the girl in the face unless these efforts for her are successful.

The Tyne is a wonderful place. Wallsend has just constructed (for the Spanish Government) the largest floating dock in the world, and Newcastle, in the persons of Messrs. R. Hood Haggie and Son, has supplied a mammoth cable for towing it. The cable is made of white Manilla hemp, and is the biggest ever made in this country. It weighs nearly five tons, is 22 in. in girth (composed of 2500 threads of hemp), is 240 yards long, and its breaking strain is 180 tons. When the great weight to be towed (between 5000 and 6000 tons) is considered, together with the towing steamer's weight (loaded with 4000 tons of coal for the voyage) at the other end of the rope, it will at once be seen what heavy work depends upon it. It required no less than seventy men to haul up the rope and coil it on the heavy trolley, which was drawn by seven horses. The safe delivery of the dock at Havana will be quite a feat if accomplished. It is expected to take from eighty to one hundred and twenty days, according to the weather.

It is interesting to note (writes a correspondent) how the modern spirit in music has begun to touch everything, even the most ancient institutions of English conservatism. You would have thought, for example, that nowhere on earth was there a greater tendency to hold by tradition and by the memory of the past than at a Festival of the Three Choirs; yet on the occasion of that Festival, a few days ago, it was found necessary to give an added filip of interest to the performances by the introduction

into the Cathedral of the latest works by Wagner and Tchaikowsky. "Parsifal" was enlisted to arouse the wonder of Hereford, and pretty well succeeded in doing so, but the Tchaikowsky Symphony—the now famous "Pathétique"—must have reduced the older-fashioned members of the audience to a condition bordering on paralysis. In these country parts of England a certain Mendelssohn enthusiasm marks the general limit of musical intelligence, and it is the proudest boast of the rustic clergyman that the children of his school are capable of singing, more or less from memory, such a chorus as "Baal, we cry to thee." To bring Wagner and Tchaikowsky to such an assemblage as this is to dare greatly, and it is engrossing to dwell in thought upon the struggle between old and new which has now even penetrated into the ancient cathedral closes of England, those sacred places of conservatism.

And yet, to mark how very old-fashioned an audience of this kind must be who stare and gasp to hear their Wagner, with something, too, of a complacent smile when they realise that he is not altogether the musical ogre they suspected him to be, consider how Time has played the goblin with this odd development of modern times. Probably the oldest lady in that fine cathedral who listened astonished to this new music was Lady Emily Foley, who is, I believe, in her ninety-fourth year. Yet Wagner had already written his early opera when she was still a young woman, and even "Tannhäuser" was produced when she had barely passed her fortieth summer. And this is now the music of the advanced present, and the conductor of the Festival, Mr. Sinclair, who is yet in his 'twenties, is regarded in his own locality with a certain terror for his temerity in accepting modernity so audaciously. In truth, the world walks slowly and circumspectly.

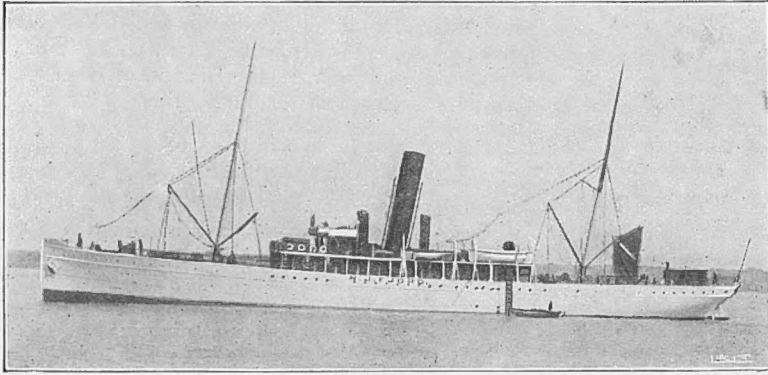
During his exile in London a good deal of speculation was excited over the identity of the dainty little lady who was Henri Rochefort's invariable companion on first nights and at Christie's sale-rooms. She was Marguerite Vervoort, his niece, and to-day the third Mme. Rochefort, or, to give her her full title, the Marchioness de Rochefort Luçay. That the wedding was contemplated was known several days beforehand, but, as it was given out that it would be celebrated in the provinces, no one but the witnesses were present when the Mayor of the Sixth Arrondissement asked, "Monsieur de Rochefort Luçay, consentez vous prendre pour épouse Mademoiselle Marguerite Vervoort?" There has long been the greatest friendship between Rochefort and the Vervoorts, and I have good reason for believing that he gave his nephew, André Vervoort, who is the director of the *Journal*, permission to publish his famous Reminiscences free of charge. It was noticed at the wedding breakfast that, although he acknowledged the toast of his health with a glass of wine lifted, he did not put it to his lips. With his accustomed brutal candour, he admits that he has been so often in jail, where he had to do without wine, that it struck him he might as well do without it altogether. Not many of our English jail-birds would be found to reason this way.

The London Correspondent of the *Eastern Daily Press* calls it an "outrageous suggestion" on the part of Mr. Stead that, in reviewing "The Christian," he should state that Glory Quail becomes John Storm's mistress on the night when he visits her with the intention to kill her. The thing is so obvious, it has been so generally accepted, and is brought out by so many references and allusions in the later stages of the story, that one wonders at the simplicity of this London Correspondent in question. It is true that Mr. Hall Caine has repudiated Mr. Stead's view, but then Sir Walter Scott repudiated the authorship of "Waverley," and Dickens repudiated his caricature of Leigh Hunt. These great men are so fond of repudiation!



A MONSTER CABLE.

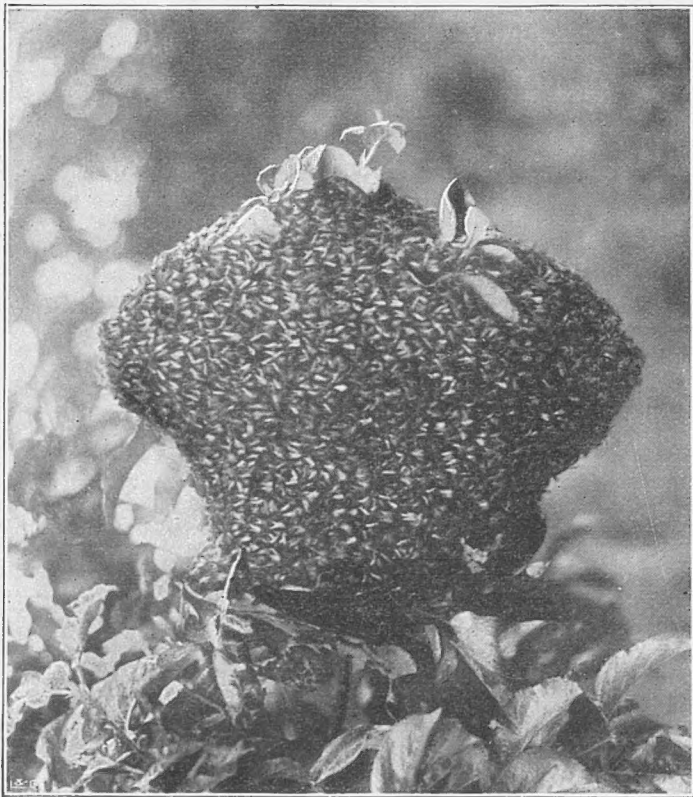
The question of the cleanliness of Danish dairy produce goes on apace. Last week I illustrated some Danish cattle, and elsewhere in this week's issue I give pictures of Danish horses. My colleague who recently went to Jutland on the fine vessel the *N. J. Fjord*—named after the great agricultural benefactor—paid a visit to the largest dairy-supply companies



THE "N. J. FJORD."
Photo by Lock, Harwich.

in Copenhagen. It is there, and not at the dairies, where the butter is made, so that the talk of dirty farms does not affect the butter. The milk, in one place he saw, is Pasteurised by passing through eight hundred feet of tubes heated up to 85 degrees, and cooled down by ice towards the end of the process, so that it is thoroughly sterilised. In another place every drop of milk—and they deal with fifty thousand pints a-day—is filtered through sterilised gravel, and some of it is sterilised separately even after that. The *N. J. Fjord*, which brings a great deal of dairy produce to this country, is a beautifully fitted-up boat, and its addition to the fleet of the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen ought to make Jutland more available for tourists.

There has been a pretty discussion going on in the *Westminster Gazette* concerning the use of the word "American." Mr. Percy Hurd, who as editor of the *Canadian Gazette* naturally wishes to stick up for the northern half of North America, has been urging that the term should be used, as it was formerly used, to indicate the whole of that continent, whereas Mr. Beckles Willson insists that the term has now become usable by inhabitants both of the Dominion and of the United States to indicate the inhabitants of the United States alone. Mr. Willson is clearly in the right; a thing like this is settled by usage, and in both the United States and in Canada the term "American" is always applied definitely to the inhabitants of the States. A Dominion man says "I am a Canadian," a United States man says "I am an American," and it is



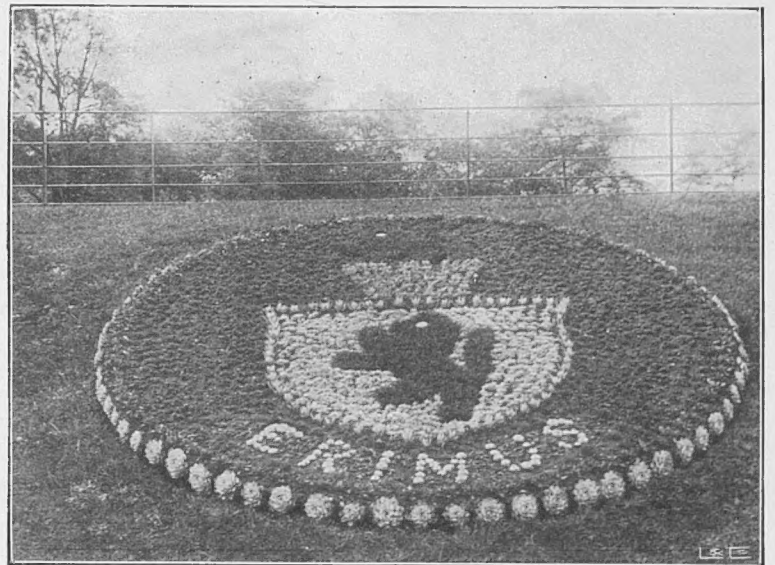
SWARM OF BEES ON AN APPLE-TREE.

not at all likely that these names will ever again be re-shuffled, and the term "American" applied indiscriminately to every inhabitant of North and South America. Mr. Percy Hurd has clearly no case.

A writer in the *Sunday Times* demurs to the statement of another journal to the effect that Elizabeth Barrett Browning is not a great poet

and has largely lost the popularity she once enjoyed. He introduces the old "wheeze" of Charles Lamb's desire to feel a man's bumps when that man asked Wordsworth if he did not consider Milton a great poet. But it is one thing to ask a ridiculous question in the way which naturally excited the ire of Charles Lamb, and another thing to discuss a certain point of literary opinion and of literary fact. No one more enjoyed the pricking of literary bubbles on occasion than Charles Lamb. Is it or is it not a fact that Mrs. Browning's works do not hold the place they once did? She formerly, it is clear, had a very large public, a public which was never very literary or highly discriminating. When Edward FitzGerald said, on hearing of her death, "Thank God, we shall have no more 'Aurora Leighs'!" he, no doubt, expressed himself with undue brutality, and the publication of the sentiment by his executor in Mr. Browning's lifetime was unpardonable. But, at the same time, he really did express the view which any man would hold who had a clear sense of what was artistic in literature. A very large proportion of Mrs. Browning's poems are rhetoric, and nothing more. It was a healthy rhetoric, a rhetoric which excited a great deal of sound, philanthropic sentiment and of kindly emotion, but this is done weekly by many a good pulpit orator whose words are destined to immediate oblivion. It was not great poetry.

Ornamental gardening affords endless opportunities for ingenuity, and since the era of public parks its charms have been more frequently brought home to City-bred folk. Here, for example, is the coat-of-arms of Middlesbrough wrought out in many a blossom in the Albert Park of



MIDDLESBROUGH COAT-OF-ARMS WORKED OUT IN BLOSSOM.
Photo by Walker, Granville Road, Middlesbrough.

that town. Station-masters, by the way, seem to have a special fondness for squandering their useful leisure in this manner.

I am indebted to C. Macleod Carey for this photograph of a swarm of bees on an apple-tree, taken in the garden of Drynoch House, Kingston Road, New Malden.

The *Syren and Shipping*, in referring to the unique case of the "lady cattleman" who came over on the Johnston liner *Sedgemore*, says that, while this makes a new "record," this lady's recourse to "bull-nursing" is not more wonderful than some other of the finds which occasionally turn up. It appears that it is so common for Harvard and Yale graduates to avail themselves of "bull-pushing" to gain a cheap passage to Europe, that a Liverpool line some little time ago found it necessary to advertise, "No University men need apply." In some cases a small sum of money is paid to secure the position; but, as the "bull-pusher" is quite a novice at the business, it is doubtful whether the cattle or their owner derive much benefit from his services. The late Samuel Plimsoll once made a trip from the States as a cattle-hand.

Perhaps one of the most peculiar presents ever made by a bridegroom to his bride was that of the Hon. Maurice Gifford to Miss Thorold on the occasion of their marriage last week. It was the bullet which was extracted from the wound in his shoulder which caused the loss of his arm. The gold in which the bullet was set was dug from a graveyard in Matabeland, and was fashioned in the shape of a double-headed serpent, the heads supporting the missile. The Hon. Maurice presented each of the bridesmaids with a pretty enamel brooch, the centre being formed of the figures "1897," and round this was inscribed "Gifford's Horse."

The potency of a London verdict is undeniable. Mr. Charles Frohman is using a large fence-lithograph, to exploit William Gillette and "Secret Service," which portrays a scene from the play and also shows the left-hand proscenium-box, in which are seated the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York, labelled (and another gentleman *not tagged*), applauding vigorously.

The time for the rehabilitation of clubs, hotels, and West-End mansions generally has arrived, and among the interesting and important buildings which are receiving the attentions of the British workman is that historic collection of sets of Chambers known as the Albany, at which name the face of the female man-hater assumes a more rigid expression even than its usual one. The Albany, which deserves an article "all to itself"—for has it not sheltered such celebrities as Byron, George Canning, Lord Althorp, Bulwer-Lytton, who wrote some of his finest works there, and Macaulay, who lived there for about fifteen years?—the Albany is not only receiving a new pavement in that long Arcade that connects the "mansion" with Burlington Gardens, but is receiving an appropriately virginal coat of white. I have often wondered why the trustees leave the open spaces on each side of the said Arcade to the mercies of Tom and other cats—who certainly appear to appreciate them—rather than lay them out with a little greenery and flowers, which would much improve the appearance of their property. By the way, that "mansion," the oldest and, I think, the best part of the Albany, was once the property of Stephen Fox, second Lord Holland, and was sold by him to Lord Melbourne. Here at the present time Sir William Fraser, the well-known author of "Disraeli and his Day," has a charming set of rooms looking down the courtyard to Piccadilly.

The celebration of St. Augustine's landing was a picturesque idea of the kind dear to the Church of Rome. In full canonicals a Bishop is not as other men, and when many fully robed Bishops are congregated together, the effect, from an artistic standpoint, cannot fail to impress and please the eye. The accompanying photograph of the Ebbsfleet celebrants contains portraits of the leading Roman Catholic prelates of England who took part in the ceremonial, as well as the principal foreign guests—Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, and the Metropolitan Bishop of Arles. The proceedings closed with a visit to Canterbury, where Dean Farrar cordially received the professors of the older Faith and himself acted as guide to the shrine of Becket. It is pleasant, whatever no-Popery bigots may say, to see brethren thus dwelling together in unity.

By way of a counterblast, I give the monument to John Wycliffe, who died at Lutterworth in 1384. In 1427 his bones were, by orders of the Council of Constance, exhumed and burned, and his ashes thrown into the River Swift. It is therefore appropriate that the first public monument to his memory should have been erected in the Leicestershire town. Apart from a tablet in the old church in which he served, there is said to be no other memorial of the bold Reformer. The memorial which

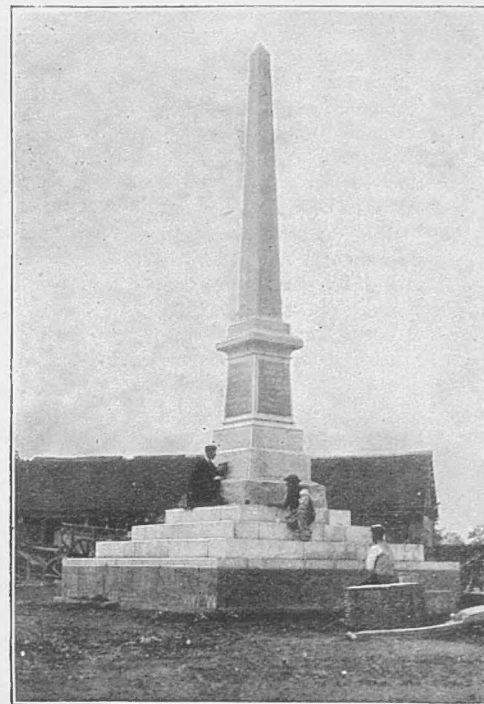
in front of a proposed museum, also to be erected by public subscription when the funds at command are sufficient for the purpose; and of this building, which will include a caretaker's dwelling, the architects are Messrs. Harding and Topott, Leicester. As Wycliffe was the first translator into the English language of the Old and New Testaments, it is surprising that hardly any contributions to the fund have come from beyond Leicester and district. Fuller, it may be remembered, has this quaint remark: "This brook [the Swift] conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." The obelisk has a four-stepped base. On the die or pedestal portion are four panels for inscriptions. One of the inscriptions reads thus—

JOHN WYCLIFFE, born 1324, died 1384, Rector of Lutterworth from 1374 to 1384.

On a second panel the inscription is—

The Morning Star of the Reformation. The First Translator of the Bible into the English Language.

On the other two inscription-panels are cut scriptural quotations. Above the die is a fine cornice. The spire portion of the obelisk is formed out of one block of stone, and this monolith and the rest of the granite work are of admirable uniformity of colour and of excellent workmanship. In the proposed museum there would, it is understood, be placed relics of Wycliffe.



MEMORIAL TO JOHN WYCLIFFE.

Honour to whom honour is due. It was Mr. Algernon Ashton who first started the agitation for the preservation of Church Row, Hampstead. The letter on the same subject written by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie to the *Daily News* (which one of my contributors referred to as the origin of the protest) was merely supplementary to Mr. Ashton's initial note of indignation.

For some years past the Board of Agriculture have made a business of instructing the British farmer concerning his enemies in the insect world by means of illustrated leaflets, wherein, like the *Hue and Cry*, they minutely describe the appearance, manners, and habits of bad entomological characters, and suggest means for the encompassing of their destruction. I am glad to see that the Department are now taking steps in the other direction, and are, by the same means, endeavouring to open the eyes of the agriculturist to those birds which he should regard as friends. The first of this series of leaflets to come under my notice summarises, almost eloquently for an official publication, the merits of the pretty little short-eared owl and the kestrel. The former is not one of our commonest owls, and deserves the encouragement asked for him: his services a few years ago, when Dumfriesshire and the Border districts were suffering from the plague of voles, are cited as evidence of the bird's value. One of the most striking bye-results of that remarkable "wave of life" was the increase in the number of short-eared owls. Normally, these owls leave Britain before the nesting season; but in 1892, the year of the Border vole plague, they not only stayed to enjoy the exceptional supply of food, but brought up families of from eight to thirteen young, instead of the customary five or six; and, in many cases, brought off a second brood. Unlike the rest of its relations, this owl feeds by day, and is, therefore, more liable to destruction.

I fear the Board may flood the country with eulogistic leaflets concerning the kestrel before gamekeepers and farmers are convinced that it does more good than harm. To the former, what counts a score of field-mice and a pint of beetles against one precious pheasant chick? The kestrel lives on mice and cockchafers by preference, but is not above young game-birds; though my own belief is that the species as a whole pays the penalty of the misdeeds committed by a few individuals. It is not more correct to say "Kestrels don't kill young pheasants" than to say "Dogs don't worry sheep": a bird, or a pair of birds, contract the habit of making raids on poultry-yard or covert, and their misconduct is written down against the whole species, much as though a kestrel, in describing Man to its nestlings, should brand the whole human race as egg-collectors. I am sincerely glad, though, that the Board of Agriculture are taking misunderstood birds under their protection; an appeal to the pocket is more likely to bear fruit than appeals to love of the beautiful.



IN MEMORY OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Photo by May.

has just been provided (by public subscription) is in the form of a handsome and well-proportioned monumental obelisk, about forty feet high over all, formed of finely hammered grey granite. The obelisk was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Garden and Co., Victoria Granite Works, Aberdeen, and is placed near the historic old church. It stands

The young bull-giraffe which Bethoen, a Bechuana chief, had sent as a present to the Queen, reached the East India Docks alive, to die on the journey thence to Regent's Park. Its loss is a great disappointment to the Zoological Society, who had hoped for a mate for the young cow-giraffe they purchased in Feb. 1895. From an imported stock of six individuals the Society bred no fewer than seventeen giraffes between 1836 and 1867. The great expense and difficulty of transporting giraffes renders the establishment of breeding-stock at home peculiarly desirable.

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds, of which a photograph appeared in *The Sketch* a few weeks ago, had a run with a sensational finish. Their stag, heading, as is so often the case, for the coast, was brought to bay by a few couples of hounds on a narrow ledge of rock, eighty feet above the beach. It was a most difficult spot for humans to reach from above, and even more dangerous from below, owing to the showers of stones the stag's every movement dislodged. While the field looked on and a few plucky ones climbed down, the stag charged the hounds and swept two of them off the ledge with his antlers, one being killed by the stone-shower and the other badly injured. Alarmed by the climbers, the stag tried to make off, but, "putting a foot wrong," he fell, and crashed down on to the beach below, where Anthony the huntsman had his work cut out to keep the remainder of the pack out of the way of the stone-fall. By the way, the Devon and Somerset had one of their extraordinary runs on Wednesday the 15th, said to be thirty miles as hounds ran; they lost their stag after dark.

As a counterblast to Dr. Nansen's attack on the Pole, and almost synchronously with the return of Mr. Jackson, the "Zoo" has been invaded by a walrus, a creature much loved by most of us from childhood on account of its introduction into the immortal ballad of "The Walrus and the Carpenter." It is said that this beast was known in the sixteenth century to Conrad Gesner, of Zürich, that prodigy of



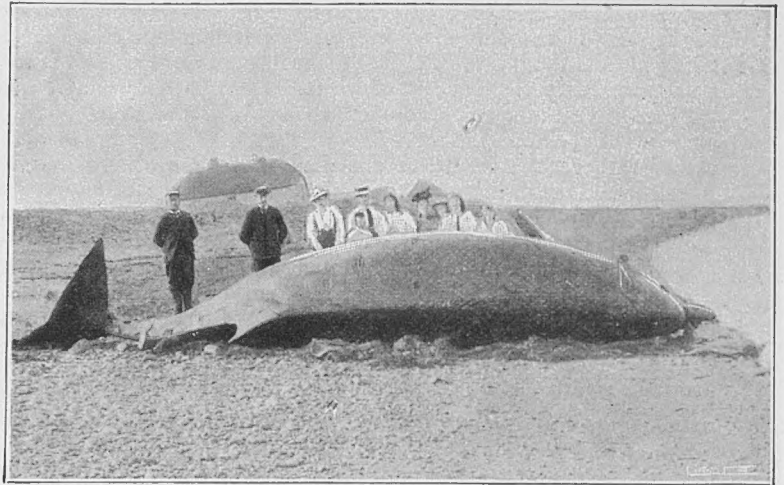
A WALRUS AT THE "ZOO."
Photo by Medland, North Finchley.

learning who was called the Pliny and the Varro of his age rolled into one, and who wrote huge tomes on books and beasts and monsters of all sorts. Further, in an illustrated edition of the History of the Northern Peoples, by Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala, are figured numerous creatures of uncanny appearance; and in Book XXI., on "Monstrous Fish," is a woodcut with a terrible description of a certain "fish," called in this Italian translation the "Morso" (from much biting), or the "Rosmaro," which was wont to attack and tear with its teeth (? tusks) all indiscreet visitors to its domains. Assuredly this "fish" most strongly resembles the walrus of fact.

There is nothing really very wonderful in the shooting of a bear in the Lower Engadine, as reported by a correspondent of the *Standard* a few days ago, though such an event in a district known only as a tourist resort seems a trifle startling. I have Mr. W. A. Baillie Grohman's authority for saying that bears still exist in fair numbers in the unfrequented mountains of the South Tyrol and borders of Switzerland, and a few are shot in these localities every year. Bears are great travellers in the autumn months, and from perfectly safe ursine haunts to the place where Bruin was shot a fortnight since would be hardly more than an evening's stroll for a she-bear accompanied by a well-grown cub. Let not solicitous mammas, however, be under any apprehension concerning the security of the most enterprising of their young families; it would be necessary to travel far from beaten tracks before anything more formidable than a goat barred the way. With such ardent sportsmen, or poachers, as the Tyrolese around, it says much for the alertness of the bear that it should survive at all.

The capture of a whale at Dunany Point, County Louth, has roused much interest. The animal was first seen on the forenoon of Sunday week by Miss Bellingham, a relative of Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart., of Castle Bellingham, High Sheriff of the County. It was sporting in the bay, and continued to do so, chasing the smaller fry with leviathan gusto. Station Officer Fox, of the Coastguard Service, sallied forth with his

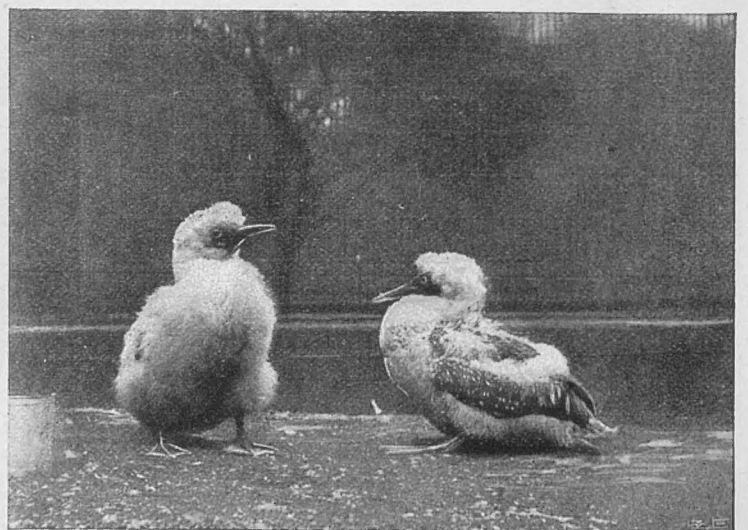
"merry men," armed with rifles, and they poured the contents of six guns into the animal before it got its *coup-de-grace*, when it was triumphantly towed to Dunany quay. The animal measured almost twenty-four feet in length, fourteen feet in circumference, and the



A STRANDED WHALE.

tail six feet. Visitors flocked from all parts to inspect the seaweed-backed leather-coated leviathan, but Tuesday's hot sun made it necessary to cover it with canvas, a board being suspended at its tail, with an inscription bearing its dimensions, and also the legend, "It is requested that this fish is not to be ill-used or mistreated." The accompanying photograph was taken on the Thursday at ebb-tide. The Coastguardsman is endeavouring to sell it, as it will soon become, as a reverend joker visitor put it, "a sweet nosegay." The whale is of the "bottle-nose" species, belonging to the toothed whales, of which the sperm whale is the well-known representative. It rejoices in the name of *Hyperoodon rostratus*, and is regularly hunted in the Atlantic. Its distinguishing feature is the abrupt rise of its forehead from the small, sharp snout. It is the happy possessor of only two teeth, both in the lower jaw, and its blow-hole is half-moon shape. A whale has never before been known to visit this portion of the Irish coast, and its arrival there is quite an incident to be remembered. Poor whale!

The Solan Goose is neither a goose nor a gull, and, though Linnæus classified the seven known species of gannets with the pelicans, later authorities have followed Brisson, and established the genus *Sula* for their reception. *Sula bassana*, in body a little smaller than a goose, is the only species found in the British Islands. It is very numerous where it occurs, but the breeding colonies are few, if large. The best-known home of the Solan Goose is probably that on the Bass Rock, where, according to an estimate, about four thousand pairs breed annually. It is a beautiful sight to see gannets feeding; with their long wings outspread, they circle high in air watching for the appearance of fish near the surface. When you see one of a flock suddenly drop as if shot from a gun, and splash heavily into the water, you may be sure some unlucky fish has found reason to regret coming out of the deeps. The ledges on which the gannets build their apologies for nests and lay their single greenish eggs are not agreeable places to visit, owing to the birds' habit of casting up half-digested fish. The young gannet, a deplorably ugly creature, is fed on fish brought up from the crops of its parents; presumably, fresh fish would be too much for its infant digestion. The hen bird is very loth to leave her egg, and I have seen one, pushed off her nest by the boatman's foot, step back again and try to frighten the man with strange unmusical noises from her gaping beak.



SOLAN GEESE.
Photo by Medland, North Finchley.

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There is much interest in the opening of the Tasso Museum in the monastery of St. Onofrio at Rome, where Torquato Tasso passed his latest and saddest days, and the collection of Tasso relics there installed will bear comparison with the Shaksperian treasures at Stratford-on-Avon. Presumably this Museum contains the Latin oration by Laelius Peregrinus, which was to have been delivered at the poet's obsequies, but was never spoken, and remained unpublished until 1597. On the title-page is a laurelled portrait of the bard, with a very mournful expression about the eyes. Another pleasing feature of the Museum is the fact that the founders still hold in loving memory the poet's father, Bernardo Tasso.

In the middle of the sixteenth century all allusions to "Il Tasso" refer to Bernardo, who acquired much fame both from his love-poems (he was closely connected with the notorious Tullia d'Aragona, with whom he figures as an interlocutor in Speroni's "Dialogue on Love"), and from his verse romance, "L'Amadigi." This was first conceived as a poem, observing the classical Unity of Action, and was begun in the Italian equivalent for blank verse, *versi sciolti*, but was afterwards recast and finished in Ariosto's vein and in *ottava rima*. Poems in one hundred cantos are not easy for us moderns to peruse from end to end, even though they

posters which travelling managers regard with so much pride as the most important part of their "printing." Personally, I don't think that the representation on a hoarding in bold colours of a murder or an attempted outrage would tempt me to go and do likewise. Such scenes serve their purpose in enticing the impressionable populace within the doors of places of amusement, and the harm that might possibly be caused in the case of a few ultra-excitables and morbidly maniacal persons is, I am sure, but an infinitesimal proportion of the mental and physical damage done by the posters and head-lines of sensation-mongering newspapers. If you taboo the theatrical poster, you should, logically, submit to a far more rigorous censorship the copper-catching placards issued all damp in their thousands from powerful printing-machines.

Once upon a time there was a prepossessing actress named "Hilda Czarina." This Imperial style was deservedly popular, but misgiving seized the lady's soul. She "received information" that the public use of such a professional name "might be considered disrespectful to the Sovereign to whose honour it as been assumed." The "information," no doubt, came direct from St. Petersburg, where the rivalry of "Hilda Czarina" could no longer be endured. With true magnanimity, the actress decided to change her name, and the public is now apprised that



LADY INGRAM'S ST. BERNARD "OLAF" AND JAPANESE SPANIEL "O MIMOSA SAN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. E. HOUGHTON, MARGATE.

deal with stories of the Paladins; but there is interest in the introductory stanzas to Philip II. of Spain (who was not yet King when the poem was commenced), in the innumerable references to men and women of mark, including prophecies relating to Don John of Austria and William of Orange, and in the fine allusion to the retirement of Charles V., who, "having conquered the world, will, to obtain greater glory, conquer himself." It had been well for the writer's son Torquato had he too been able to conquer himself.

Mr. William Allan, M.P., seems to have been inspired by the *genius loci* of each of the literary shrines he has been visiting during his recent sojourn in Scotland. It can hardly be said, however, if the following lines, inscribed in the visitors' book in the house at Ecclefechan in which Carlyle was born, may serve as a specimen, that the Member for Gateshead has enhanced his reputation as a versifier—

Pilgrim, behold a sacred shrine of fame!
'Twas here the mighty Chelsea Sage was born.
While lives his native country's glorious name,
So long his works the ages will adorn.
God often calls his kings of men
Frae oot the humble but and ben.

A well-meaning, if over-zealous, member of the Sanitary Congress has been going tooth-and-nail for the picturesquely attractive theatrical

"Hilda Czarina" has become "Hilda Corelli." This strikes me as more ambitious and daring than the other experiment in fancy names. Has "Hilda" sufficiently considered that by calling herself Corelli she may rouse a tempest compared to which all the ire of All the Russias is a storm in a tea-pot? Even the Sorrowful Satan would have shrunk from such temerity!

The curious reversion to mediæval clericalism affected by the excommunication of the Spanish Minister of Finance by the Bishop of Majorca made me think first, by reason of its strange incongruity with modern notions, of the terrible curse that chastened the kleptomaniac Jackdaw of Rheims. But, looked at more seriously, the matter recalls the many instances of contest between the Spiritual and the Temporal powers that have marked the evolution of Western civilisation. It brings back faint echoes of the journey to Canossa of Henry IV. of Germany to make terms with the masterful Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII., of the various excommunications of Frederick II., son of the Emperor Henry VI., and of the humiliation of our own wicked King John by another ambitious Pontiff, Innocent III. Further, it raises recollections of the Becket decline and fall, of the great scheme of spoliation so successfully carried out by Henry VIII., and, to come close to the present time, of the Gambetta epigram, and of the Kultur Kampf under the Bismarckian rule. Church *versus* State, Pope *versus* Emperor, Bishop *versus* Finance Minister—it is the same equation repeated throughout history.

Mr. F. G. Koegel, the young German who started with Thorner on June 10, 1894, from San Francisco, for a wager of six thousand against ten thousand dollars, to walk round the world in two years, has accomplished the task after many perils. Thorner gave in at Bucharest, where he was detained in hospital for ten weeks. Other friends then joined Koegel, but every one of them broke down. Koegel's route lay through



MR. F. G. KOEGEL IN INDIA.
Photo by Wiele and Klein, Madras.

the North of America to New York, England, Portugal, Spain, France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey, South of Russia, Caucasus, Transcaspia, Persia, Beluchistan, Thibet, Burma, Siam, Annam, China, Japan, and back to San Francisco by steamer, where he arrived five days before his time. There he was presented with the gold medal (champion pedestrian of the world), record twenty-four thousand miles. Koegel has got a collection of about fifteen thousand autographs and seals of nearly every high official of the countries through which he passed. The collection is a very valuable and interesting one. Mr. Koegel is now lecturing in London.

The Lincolnshire Regiment, which has just had the somewhat novel experience, on returning from a long term of foreign service, of a march through the county from which it derives its name, is one of the first in matter of precedence of what are called the Territorial Regiments, and its record is a remarkably fine one. The regiment traces its origin to an Independent Company of Foot which had long garrisoned Plymouth and, in the troubles of 1685, was expanded into a regiment of ten companies. The first Colonel of this regiment, destined to do such solid service in future years, was Sir John Greville, afterwards first Earl of Bath, a son of the famous Sir Beville Greville, and a great-grandson of that "old Sir Richard" Greville, Granville, Grenville, or Grenfell, of whom, I think, both Charles Kingsley and Tennyson have given us pictures.

The uniform of "Butcher's blue" which first adorned these stalwarts did not remain in use for many years after the Revolution, red uniforms being adopted. The Lincolnshire Regiment served with Marlborough, and doubtless swore terribly in Flanders. The old 10th Foot—as for many a long day it was called—did road-making duty for General Wade in the Highlands. It was at "Gib" for nineteen years in the first half of the last century. Though at home during the Seven Years' War, the Lincolnshire Regiment was in Boston at the first outbreak of hostilities, in 1767, and took part in the bloody fights at Bunker's Hill and Brandywine. Then it had a long experience of the West Indies, came home, was wrecked in the Channel, went to the Cape and India, and formed part of the Indian Contingent that went to Egypt in 1801 with Sir David Baird. It has seen service in Malta and Sicily, and, of course, took part in the Peninsular War. The year 1842 saw the 10th again in India, engaged in the first Sikh War. It took gallant and prominent part in the suppression of the Mutiny, has been to China and Japan, and was engaged in operations in the Malay Peninsula in 1874. In 1886 the Lincolnshire Regiment served in Burma, and for long was at Singapore.

The "Crown's quest" on the Rev. Aubrey Price has not done much to dissipate the mystery that exists as to the cause of the ill-fated gentleman's death. Exactly how he met his fate will probably remain a mystery, but the police appear to consider there was no attempt at burglary save, perhaps, in the disordered mind of Mr. Price himself. I remember when the Rev. Aubrey Price—a remarkably fine-looking man, not too clerically attired—drew crowds to St. James's Church, at Clapham, and was quite one of the clerical idols of South London. Certain uncomfortable financial affairs cropped up perhaps a dozen years ago, much to the scandal of the elect, and the Rev. Aubrey Price ceased to minister at St. James's. He continued, however, to reside in the neighbourhood, and a certain following provided him with that "Free" tabernacle in which, no longer to overflowing audiences, he still officiated.

Twenty years ago this month all London was talking of the Penge murder, and not only all London, but all England, was awaiting the verdict with a strange intense attention. I remember well reading reports of the trial in a secluded fishing village in the extreme North of England, and the excitement caused by the case even in that out-of-the-way place. I remember I returned to London on the day the verdict was announced, and all the Metropolis was ringing with the praises of Mr. Edward Clarke, who made such a magnificent defence for the wretched Stauntons and Alice Rhodes, and whose plea that the murdered woman might have died of meningitis probably provided that loophole by which the criminals in the sordid tragedy escaped with unbroken necks. I am reminded of all this by the announcement that Louis Staunton, the husband of the unfortunate creature who was done to death by starvation and neglect near Penge, has been released—the last survivor of the three convicts, himself, his brother, and his brother's wife—from jail. Whether Alice Rhodes, the fourth convict—afterwards granted a free pardon—yet lives, I do not know. The Penge murder trial was, perhaps, the chief stepping-stone to Sir Edward Clarke's forensic fame, and was also the first trial, I believe, at which Sir Henry Hawkins assumed the fatal black cap.

"Old Ernst" keeps a little inn at Iseltwald, on the Lake Brienz, in Switzerland. It is a favourite resort for tourists, who sit basking on his balcony and drinking in the glories of the view—and sometimes other things as well. Ernst is quite a famous person, and his carnations are the envy of the neighbourhood. He is also a songster, and carries out his performances in that respect in a high falsetto voice. He is a great



A MONSTER TRUMPET.
Photo by Wilton Ritz, Beccles.

linguist, too, and is ready to explain that he "learnt to spik Ingliss in Amerik"! But Ernst's great point is the wonderful Swiss trumpet with which he is depicted in the accompanying photograph. As one might suppose, marvellous are the noises and the echoes thereof which thunder forth from that portable chimney-stack. Ernst is able even to produce tunes from it, but they are beyond description.

Quite fifty thousand Londoners witnessed that annual feast of fire, "Brock's Benefit," at the Crystal Palace the other evening. The terraces were packed with a dense crowd, that roared with delight at each new

exhibited portraits of her Majesty flanked by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York. These portraits evoked outbursts of ebullient enthusiasm from the typically British crowd, and



ingenuity provided by the Arch-Wizard of the Fire-Worshippers, and "A-a-a-ahed" in diminuendo at the whistling rockets and fountains of coloured lights. The chief item of the show was the set piece, which

were second only in public favour to the cycle-race. Brock's thirty-fifth successive benefit may certainly be written down a record programme in a year which has been so prolific of records.



THE ILLUMINATIONS AT BROCK'S BENEFIT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

On Sept. 10, 1797, exactly a hundred years ago, died Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, who, although not perhaps a typical literary woman of the eighteenth century, deserves to be remembered. Born in 1759, the granddaughter of a rich Spitalfields manufacturer, she had the misfortune



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.
From the Portrait by J. Opie, R.A.

to see in her girlhood her father squander the fortune he had inherited, and develop into a brutal and drunken husband. Finding life intolerable under her father's roof after the death of their mother, her sister Eliza and herself determined to become teachers.

A terrible fate seemed ever to pursue the members of Mary Wollstonecraft's family. Throughout her life she was always the spectator of life-tragedies. Her sister Eliza married a Mr. Bishop, who ill-treated her and made her life so wretched that she had to flee from him and place herself in hiding till a legal separation could be obtained. Mary Wollstonecraft's "Wrongs of Women"

is based on the life of her sister, or, perhaps more correctly, might be described as a chronicle of her married life and misery. In 1783 Mary set up a little school in Newington Green, which kept its doors open for two years. She next makes a journey in haste to Lisbon to nurse Fanny Blood, a friend who was married to a merchant there. But she arrived too late, the young wife having died.

After her return she wrote a pamphlet, "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters," for which Johnson, the publisher in St. Paul's Church-yard, gave her ten guineas. Becoming governess in the family of Lord Kingsborough, she was dismissed after a year by his wife, who was jealous of her children's affection for their governess.

In 1791 she first met William Godwin, who disliked her because her fluent conversation silenced Thomas Paine, who was present. About this time she published her "Vindication of the Rights of Women."

At the house of the bookseller Johnson she met Fuseli the artist and fell in love with him. The coquetting of a married man of fifty with a tender female philosopher of thirty-one can never be an agreeable subject of contemplation. It appears that the author changed her slovenly mode of dress to captivate the "painter-in-ordinary to the devil." But, although there seems to have been little cause for jealousy, Mrs. Fuseli on one occasion put herself into a towering passion: "Sophia, my love," said Fuseli, with affected tenderness in his voice, "why don't you swear?—you don't know how much it would ease your mind."

Going to Paris to get over her infatuation for Fuseli, she met Gilbert Imlay, who had been a captain in the American Army of Independence. She agreed to live with him as his wife. In the following year she published a "Historical View of the French Revolution." She came to England with Imlay in 1795, and in June the same year she sailed to Norway, to make the arrangements for some of Imlay's commercial speculations. A volume of letters descriptive of that visit she afterwards published in 1796.

Returning to England, she found Imlay unfaithful, and attempted to drown herself by leaping from Putney Bridge, but was taken up insensible by a passing boat.

In September 1796 she formed an alliance with Godwin, and they were married in March 1797. Their domestic relations, taken altogether, were very happy. Godwin held peculiar views as to matrimonial life, as did Mary herself, and he lived twenty doors away from her, so that they might not weary of each other's society—a very sensible arrangement for two philosophers.

The birth of her child Mary was fatal to her, and she died on September 10, 1797. This child afterwards became the wife of Shelley, and might be said to have inherited her mother's fate for being the spectator of hopeless tragedies, inasmuch as the tangled domestic relations of Byron and Shelley, and the circle in which she came to move, were no less sombre.

Mary Wollstonecraft was no blue-stocking; she was simply an impulsive woman, who held strong and unconventional views of her own, and was not afraid to act up to her convictions. She had a great charm of person and of manner. Throughout her life she showed great unselfishness, and her letters give a pathetic and melancholy picture of a tragic life. Her books show genuine eloquence, but her sentimentalism and stilted manner are a reflex of much that is faulty in the style of Rousseau, whose pupil she was.

ARTHUR HAYDEN.

The "personal element" has been of late so much introduced into our criticism of literature and the drama, that it is time for those who defend the true interests of art to make a stand on behalf of the separation of literature from life—at least, as far as criticism goes. There probably never was a time when authors were so ready to unveil to the public gaze the innermost recesses of their private life—generally, I will say this for them, profoundly uninteresting. Nor has there often been a time when the unreasoning many were so eager to learn the trivialities of an author's life. Indeed, with the spread of newspaper industry, one who could not tell how many books the great man has published, or what any one of them is about, will be posted on the subject of his pet cats—Manx or otherwise—and the number of lumps of sugar he takes in his tea.

The older authors are not altogether guiltless of pandering to this evil appetite for personal details. Poets have often been overready to bewail the coldness of the beloved, and have indeed generally been credited (on the strength of their effusions to imaginary beings) with a great deal more of private life than they really possessed. I have long been of opinion that most of Horace's beauties, Lalages, Næaras, and the like, owe their existence chiefly to the necessities of scansion and the desire for a varied diction. And Petrarch has doubtless obtained credit for unfathomed depths of passion simply because the name and personality of a highly respectable married lady happened to strike him as good to string sonnets upon. Had he really loved her, as an Italian of his time would, the world would have been poorer by the loss of many fine poems—also of the lady's husband.

And our critics, including many who ought to know better, and some who do, have gone more or less minutely into the details of the life of the literary men of the past. Shelley had his Harriet; he deserted her, and she drowned herself—all very sad, but what happens daily when two ill-balanced beings contract a foolish marriage. If the facts of the case throw light on the composition of some of the finer work of the poet, or clear up any obscurity in his writing, by all means let us know them to that extent; but why have a "Harriet problem"? Why must Professor Dowden, say, attempt to vindicate Shelley's morality in the miserable affair, and bring down a heavy-handed Puritan rebuke from Mark Twain—of all people in the world? Shelley wrote magnificent verse, and it is our business to enjoy it, which we can surely do without casuistry calculated to pain the Pilgrim Father's moral seriousness which forms such a singular "blind spot" on the retina of the American sense of humour—which is, perhaps, only a sense of American humour.

But Shelley, after all, is dead and burnt; it is the living that are the nuisances. It is not very much their fault perhaps; they know the solid value of advertisement and the advantage of keeping their names constantly before the public. And, indeed, it is better for the world at large that you should be ephemerally celebrated in interviews, to be forgotten to-morrow, than remind the world of your existence by periodical pot-boilers, which may survive to damn your collected edition after you are dead. Nor is it fair to blame the interviewers overmuch. They naturally believe in the necessity of their own existence, though their conviction may not be generally shared; and their work is often creative and imaginative to a very high degree. The public is at fault, as usual. A genius will appear, or not, without reference to the state of the public demand for him; but talent of the lower order can be procured in any quantity for any desired and undesirable purpose.

It is in the power of critics, however, to chasten and repress the unholy appetites of the ignorant masses. To begin with, they should sedulously abstain from all reference, favourable or otherwise, to the personal history of the author they are reviewing, except in so far as it elucidates his work; and even then, their reference had best be confined to those matters which are the common property of the public—say, the full name, places of birth and education, distinctions (if any), and profession or trade (other than that of author)—also, in the case of male authors, the date of birth. Any persons well known to the public in the immediate ancestry of the author may be alluded to, at need; though it is the opinion of the prudent that as little as possible should be said of those who were hanged.

Further than this, no critic ought to go. The more cynical, I know, are fond of holding up to ridicule such details as an author, incapable of reticence, publishes to the world; but it is wiser, as well as more pitiful, to let such drop. For such reference invariably begets a tone of personal animosity, which must give colour to the accusation, always made by such an author, of a spiteful motive. Whereas, a severe review, supported by quotations, and ignoring the author's personality, may be unfair, but appears judicial. Moreover, it does not give anything like the same hold for the law of libel as the British jury understands it.

And it is surely better that the casual reader should say, "What a slating Wall Braine's last book got in the *Latterday Review*," than that he should remark, "I wonder why Harry Franks has got his knife into the man?"

MARMITON.



"WE THREE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

A VISIT TO A PHEASANT FARM.

October the First is on us again; the pheasant is on the wing, and powder and shot are in the air. Where do the pheasants come from? Few people can tell you that. There is a vague idea that the birds are creatures of nature pure and simple; on the contrary, an enormous



"ARMED WITH CLUCKERS," OR CARRYING BROODY HENS TO BREAKFAST.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

number of them are reared by the artificial processes of the pheasant-farmer. One of the largest pheasant farms in the kingdom is that of Messrs. Dwight, Great Berkhamstead (from which the accompanying pictures have been taken), while another is Mr. Montagu Robb's, at Petersfield, on the Hampshire Downs. The first essential for pheasant-rearing is plenty of space. Thus, for instance, Mr. Robb's farm covers an area of about four hundred acres, which is divided into large paddocks, with six-foot wire netting; there is over twelve miles of netting on the estate, and if the wire pens, which are spread in orderly ranges over the hillsides, were placed end to end, they would form a line about seven miles long. If confined to one spot, the birds "stale" the ground and disease makes its appearance; hence, whether at large in the enclosures or imprisoned in the pens, they have to be constantly moved, and the ground allowed to rest. As they pen between six and seven thousand pheasants every season at Petersfield and Liphook in family parties of six, one cock to five hens, and as each pen, thirty or forty feet long, made in nine-foot sections, has to be moved once a week to cover at least one-third of fresh ground, you can form an idea of the labour entailed by moving pens alone.

In the early spring the stock is distributed thus in the pens. All that is required of the hen pheasants is that they shall lay industriously; improvidence in the matter of family is encouraged by removing the eggs from the run as they are laid, whence the birds, we may suppose, lose count, and, instead of depositing a modest dozen or eighteen, lay as many as forty eggs in the season. The business divides itself naturally into two distinct parts; the great demand for pheasants' eggs by the owners of shootings creates the part we will deal with first. The packing is done by the keepers' wives, who are paid by the thousand eggs, and, it may be added, there are always more applicants for this work than there are vacancies. Eggs range in price from five pounds per hundred in the earlier weeks of the season to half that price in June, the anxiety of shooting-men to have well-grown birds ready for the autumn explaining the difference to a large extent. Broadly speaking, the birds lay from mid-April until the middle of June; from that time the supply falls

off rapidly, but a few eggs are found so late as mid-September. Though such an immense number are sent away, several thousands are retained for breeding purposes, as the stock is practically replenished each year; new blood is regularly introduced by the purchase and exchange of eggs, but into this detail, vital as it is to successful pheasant-raising, we need not go.

The nursery operations at Messrs. Dwight's are entrusted to a staff of six hundred trustworthy domestic hens; the laying birds are kept in a huge collection of pens, each enclosure being about twenty-four

feet square, with barred sides nine feet high, the whole covering several acres of ground. In each compartment there are six hens and a cock, all having the feathers of one wing cut to prevent flight. The birds and their eggs have to be carefully watched and guarded, several huts, locally known as "bird-houses," being placed in the field. In these the watchers take up their quarters, and several dogs are also chained in the field, some in a rather uncommon manner. On the outside of the pens a strong wire-rope is stretched from one end of the field to the other. On this is a loose-fitting ring, to which the dog is fastened; thus he is able to make his way from point to point, and woe betide the poacher, be he two-legged or four, that attempts to scale or creep the fence. The winged thieves are more difficult to deal with. The crows and that most artful bird the jay are both fond of eggs, so a sharp look-out must be kept for them, and several dead specimens are generally to be seen suspended above the pens as awful examples to their kind.

The eggs, which are collected twice a day, are of a creamy brown colour, and the shells are much thicker than one would expect, to judge from their appearance. For hatching purposes they are, in "clutches of nineteen," placed beneath broody hens, who occupy tiers of boxes in a large roomy barn. All the birds must be taken from the nest by hand once in twenty-four hours. The early morning is the time selected for this purpose, and at 5.30 a.m. every day during the month of May, a row of boys, "armed with cluckers," may be seen carrying the reluctant hens to breakfast, lunch, and dinner, all in one combined meal. I say reluctant hens, because your good broody hen never appears willing to leave her precious eggs, but in various ways expresses her indignation at being disturbed, now in a shrill falsetto, or with a hoarse "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" To loose all these enraged females together would never do, for when they were mixed the wisest man in the world could not tell which was which, neither could he catch them within a week. So stakes are driven in the ground; attached to these are loose-fitting loops of string, each with a slip-knot at the end, by which the hens are secured, and within the limits of their string they can do as they like for fifteen minutes. Some at once begin to eat the food placed ready, others to scratch up the earth and fill their feathers with dust. Some start a quarrel with their neighbour, and a fierce fight takes place, sometimes



SOME OF THE SIX HUNDRED FOSTER-MOTHERS AT BREAKFAST.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

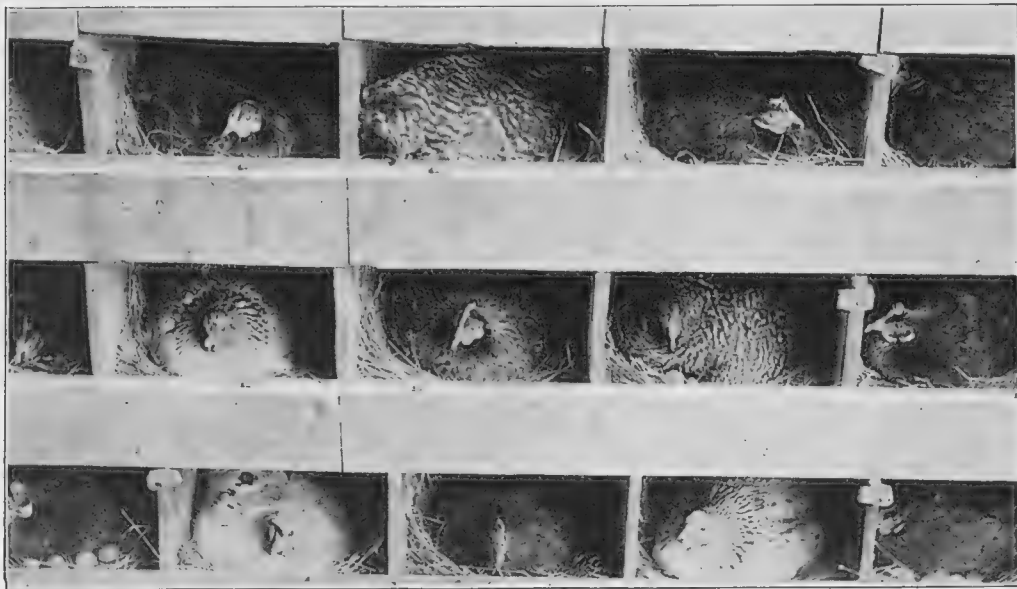


YOUNG PHEASANTS ON GRASS-LAND.



A COLONY OF PHEASANT-PENS: IN THESE PENS THE LAYING PHEASANTS ARE KEPT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMPTSTEAD.



FOSTER-MOTHERS SITTING ON PHEASANTS' EGGS.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

brought to an abrupt termination by the boot of an attendant boy. But whatever the hens do they give forth the aforesaid noises, making a very lively and uncommon scene.

When the young birds are hatched, they are taken to a large meadow in which long lanes have been mown either in the grass or clover. Here, at intervals of about twenty feet, are placed some six hundred coops. To these the foster-mothers are tethered; their experience during the hatching time has accustomed them to the stake, and they generally settle quietly down with their charges. The latter soon make themselves at home, using the long, unmown grass for shelter from the midday sun, and the coop and foster-mother for the same purpose when it rains. Of course, they are attentively watched and cherished by the birdmen, who reside in the field, and feed their charges three or four times a-day, keeping a watch at the same time on the wily jackdaw and the sparrow-hawk, both birds of prey who are ready to carry off the unsuspecting pheasants. These soon learn to know their friend the birdman, with his cheery whistle, and will come at his call. Nevertheless, they are shy and wild when a stranger approaches. As they grow they begin to exercise their wings by mounting the coops, the catching-pens, and the trees in the neighbourhood, and a strict watch must now be kept, for, although the whole field is surrounded by wire netting six feet high, some of the young birds will attempt to escape, and the men may be seen every evening driving them back. In order to stop the flight of the chicks, Mr. Robb has them decoyed into a wire run. Thence they are carefully removed, one by one, with a landing-net, to be placed in shallow baskets, covered with sacking; a change of ground is advisable about this time, so the baskets are carted into another enclosure for fresh ground. Before their release the birds pass through the hands of keepers, who take a census of cocks and hens. Very forward birds may have to be clipped, to prevent their escape over the netting, but this makeshift is only occasionally resorted to; there is no inducement to the pheasants to leave a place where they have learned to expect food twice a-day, and in a month or less they will be taken up again. The cocks are then collected and penned by themselves in readiness for despatch to purchasers who want a ready-made head of game in their coverts for the shooting season. The hens also are caught and imprisoned by tens in roomy wire runs, and it is now that the heavy work begins. Every run must be moved to cover about one-third of fresh ground once a-week, to guard against the evils of "staled" soil. A simple and ingenious contrivance is used to reduce the labour, but, as space forbids description of Mr. Robb's patent wheeled coop, you must be content to know that it enables one man to do the work of two. About the end of August they are ready for sale and removal to the covert. Here they will grow wilder still, and when the leaves are turning yellow and the noise of the sporting-gun is heard in the land they will take to their wings and fly as high and with as much skill as their wild brothers. The most experienced sportsman cannot tell the difference;

he will always find there is plenty of room to miss them. The present writer once saw a drive on the late Sir Anthony de Rothschild's estate, the Prince of Wales being one of the shots. The birds were all hand-reared, but they soared so high and their flight was so erratic that they were frequently missed. True it is that they crouched in the covert until they were driven out by the beaters, but that is the way of all pheasants.

For some years the writer has made it his business to look for nests of all kinds, but the one here reproduced was the first wild pheasant's nest he had seen. It was discovered by a man employed by a gamekeeper to watch the birds, and hereby hangs a tale. Scarcely had the photograph been taken, than over the hill came a rival watcher, who at once claimed the nest as being in his beat, and denounced our guide in good, or rather bad, terms for revealing the nest to an outsider. "My name is Liberty," he said, "but I'm not going to have anybody taking liberties with my nesteses," and he made his gaiters dance with rage. "Why," he continued, "if you had told me what you wanted, I could have put you twenty or thirty eggs on some leaves, and nobody would have known the difference." We explained that we wanted the

genuine article, but it took a long time to bring him to reason. The well-known rivalry that exists between neighbouring keepers and their keenness for eggs doubtless accounts for much of the pilfering that goes on; but for every egg hatched by the pheasant, it is safe to say there are a thousand hatched by the foster-mothers.



NEST OF THE WILD PHEASANT.

Photographed in situ by Newman, Berkhamstead.



A GOOD SPIN.



THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE'S "VALERIA."
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART, SOUTHAMPTON.

CHILD-LIFE IN THE HOP-GARDENS.

If the first thing that strikes one on entering a hop-garden is the exceeding beauty of the bine, the next is certainly the plentifulness of the children therein, for they form a very large proportion of the small army of hop-pickers who for the time being invade some peaceful neighbourhood.

They have migrated *en famille*, indeed, from their homes, whether for the day or for the whole of the hop-harvest. You come upon them at every turn, and, surely, nowhere is child-life so picturesque and entirely natural as in a hop-garden; for, although they take their share of the picking, it is but holiday-making for them after all. What more delightful change from the usual routine than to wake up on a fine September morning under canvas; to get an *al fresco* breakfast, with no thought of lessons in a few hours' time to spoil it all! Of course, it is not always fair weather, but what child ever expects a wet day? and, troubled by no forebodings, they show for the most part only happy faces, while their parents, helped, perhaps, by memories of "rheumaticks" in days gone by, look at the gathering clouds with anxious eyes.

heads and a wild unkemptness which suits your purpose well. They one and all fall into groups far prettier than anything you could arrange, the baby, frequently the centre of attraction, crowing happily, with one boot off, two fair-haired little sisters standing by his side. You see the children sleeping, for the smell of hops is proverbially soothing; you see them eating, for the open-air life makes them hungry. An apple or a slice of bread in the middle of the morning they equally enjoy, and it in nowise spoils their appetite for their early dinner, which is taken more formally, seated in a ring round Mother.

But even some of the younger ones work hard, too. One little boy, aged nine, says that he has already picked his two bushels, though it is only eleven o'clock. He will probably manage five before the day is out, and that will fill the large basket, which, this year, brings him one shilling. His sister does not pick quite so fast, but they sit side by side from seven in the morning till five or six o'clock, as the case may be. There is no fixed time for leaving off. The oasts, or drying-houses, are built to take a certain quantity of hops, and the pickers work till that amount has been gathered each day.

The little ones are of use in countless ways. When the big five-bushel basket is full, they call the "tally-man," who, holding the wooden



IN A KENTISH HOP-GARDEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. P. RICHARDS, KING STREET, E.C.

Forewarned, however, is forearmed, and the latter, working, probably, in the same gardens year by year, know exactly what kind of accommodation to expect, and it is not the children of the party who come off worst.

The elder ones, of course, pick as hard as the grown-up people. The younger children mind the baby, not always quite successfully; indeed, baby would seem to be almost more content taking care of himself. You may see him in all sorts of attitudes—sometimes as good as gold, seated on a jacket on the ground; sometimes sound asleep, a long way off from his protectors, with one chubby hand peeping out from his coverings; while here and there you come across him sitting bolt upright and wide awake in a modern mail-cart, as happy as a king. The babies are the only ones who at the sight of a camera do not instantly "pose." The only hope of getting the others really true to nature is to give them no warning at all, but the moment you see a "picture" to cry "Keep still!" and shoot them without delay. And "pictures" are not difficult to see. There is, in fact, *embarras de richesses*, and it requires some strength of mind not to expend the whole roll of film in one short morning. It is not the brilliant colouring that charms one, for picking works havoc with the clothes, and old ones are the order of the day. Some wear tidy pinafores; others, more wisely, aprons made of sackings. Some look well cared for, but as often as not it is the ragged, hatless ones before whom you stop, for they have invariably curly

tallies together, marks off with a three-cornered file another "basket" to the family; they tell the man with the "hop-hook" when his services are needed to pull down more bine, and about a quarter of an hour before dinner they raise a shrill cry of "No more hops!" It means that no fresh bine will be pulled down before dinner, they have only to finish what they have in hand. The signal is given by the first bin-man, and passed up the garden by childish voices.

And then at last they go away to their homes, which are sometimes low-roofed white cottages, sometimes wooden huts, and sometimes the old military tents of the hoppers' camp. In these last they are soon sound asleep on beds of straw, while their tired parents gather round the camp-fire outside or go off to the nearest village to buy provisions for the morrow.

If the Kentish hop-pickers are a mixed lot, mongrelism in the extreme seems to characterise the Californian hop-fields. The San Francisco *Wave* says that "all sorts and conditions of people flock to these hop-pickings—Indians, Mexicans, Chinamen, tramps off the road, farm-hands out of employment, factory-girls on their vacation in the near-by country, little chaps from the city's suburbs, ambitious of earning a dollar or two and at the same time have all the fun of camping-out. When the day's picking is over and supper is done with, the pickers gather together and spend the evening in singing, gossip, and love-making.

MORE PORTRAITS OF CHRIST.

The strange portrait of Christ which appeared in these pages some weeks ago, and which has occasioned much interest, has resulted in another sheaf of correspondence. Mr. William Burrough Hill, of Southampton, sends a photograph of a portrait which was purchased at



THE PROPERTY OF MR. W. B. HILL, SOUTHAMPTON.

a sale of effects at Bishops Waltham, Hants, some twenty-five years or more since. It is believed to have belonged originally to the Bishop of Winchester's House, Waltham, which was demolished in the time of Charles I. The picture eventually found its way to Southampton, and some twenty-five years since it was exhibited there by a Jew, who pointed out some small dents in the picture which he attributed to spent shots, probably occurring at the time of the demolition of Waltham House or Abbey.

A correspondent in Salisbury possesses a panel which became the property of his family over sixty years ago. It was bought in a curiosity shop in Salisbury, and was evidently used as a panel on a church wall or screen, as there are the remains of the plaster at back by which it was fixed on. The inscription beneath it runs thus: "This is the figure of our Lord and Saviour Jesus that was sent by the great Turke to Pope Innocent the VIII. to redeem his Brother that was taken Prisoner."

A Yeovil correspondent possesses what he believes to be the original



BRASS MEDAL OF CHRIST.

or very early copy of the original picture. It is precisely like the one shown in the photo, painted on thick oak panel, but the inscription is in gilt Roman initials. It has been in the possession

of my correspondent's family a very long time, but he has no record as to when or how it came into their keeping.

Mr. Hubert E. Evans, of Warwick Studios, W., also possesses a picture of a similar character to Mr. St. Martyn Kennard's. "Mine," he says, "was supposed to be from the Rev. Belcher's collection of Bodian. It has a slightly varied inscription printed this fashion: IHV. The inscription is as follows: "This present figure is the similitude of our Lord IHV. our Savior imprinted in amiraid by the predecessors of the Grae Turke and sent to the Pope Innocent the VIII. at the cost of the Gree Turke for a token for this cause to redeme his Brother that was takyn presonor."

Mr. W. H. Ingersoll, of Brooklyn, writes that Mr. Kennard's picture is a copy of the lost work known as "The Emerald Vernicle." Another copy of this lost work is in the Warwick Castle Gallery, and a fifteenth

century tapestry with the same inscription. Copies were frequent in the fifteenth century, the time of Bajazet and Innocent VIII., and they relate about the same legend. He draws attention to another copy and further items in *Harper's Magazine*, May 1886.

Miss Lega-Weekes sends a panel which her mother "picked up for a song" at a dealer's many years ago. She says—

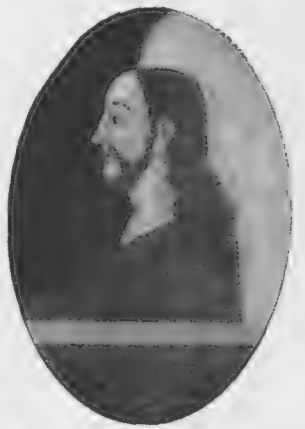
The painting of the face (on a thinly gilt panel, varnished) seems even more primitive or unskilled than that shown by Canon Savage; and I fancy that the spelling, and also the forms of the letters in the inscription below, might point to its being earlier, as it retains some few traces of the Missal character, which the others do not in any degree, but seem rather to imitate round print. That of Mr. Rowe-Savage's strikes me as being much the style of lettering that you find on seventeenth century gravestones. The presence or absence of the nimbus in the different examples might also be an indication of their date. I should be inclined to think that there was no foreign original of these paintings, but that some English traveller had painted in colours a likeness guided by the engraved gem at Rome, stating its history beneath in English, and that all similar portraits were direct or indirect copies of this, as the fact of one existing in the South of France with an English inscription would seem to imply.

She encloses an extract from "Ten Thousand Wonderful Things" (London: Ward and Lock) relating to the subject—

In 1702, the late Rev. H. Rowlands, author of "Mona Antiqua," while superintending the removal of some stones near Aberffraw, Wales, for the purpose of making an antiquarian research, found a beautiful *brass medal* of our Saviour, in a fine state of preservation, which he forwarded to his friend and countryman, the Rev. E. Lloyd, author of the "Archæologia Britannica," and at that time keeper of the Ashmolean Library at Oxford. This medal, of which an engraving is subjoined, has on one side the figure of a head exactly answering the description given by Publius Lentulus of our Saviour in a letter sent by him to the Emperor Tiberias and the Senate of Rome. On the reverse side it has the following legend or inscription, in Hebrew characters: "This is Jesus Christ the Mediator or Reconciler," or, "Jesus, the Great Messiah or Man Mediator."

And, being found among the ruins of the chief Druids resident in Anglesey, it is not improbable that the curious relic belonged to some Christian connected with Brân the Blessed, who was one of Caractacus's hostages at Rome from A.D. 52 to 59, at which time the Apostle Paul was preaching . . . at Rome. . . . The Representation of this sacred Person which is in the Bodleian Library somewhat resembles that of the print of this medal when compared together. It was taken from a likeness engraved in *agate* and sent as a present from the Sultan for the release of his brother, who was taken prisoner. There is a well-executed drawing of this at the Mostyn Library, much the worse for age.

This version gives an *agate* and not an emerald as the gem engraved. Miss Lega-Weekes' picture seems to say "in Amerat." Is there a place named Amerat or Amurat, perhaps in honour of the Sultans Amurath (the second of whom succeeded his father, Mahomet I., in 1421)?



A PANEL BOUGHT IN SALISBURY.



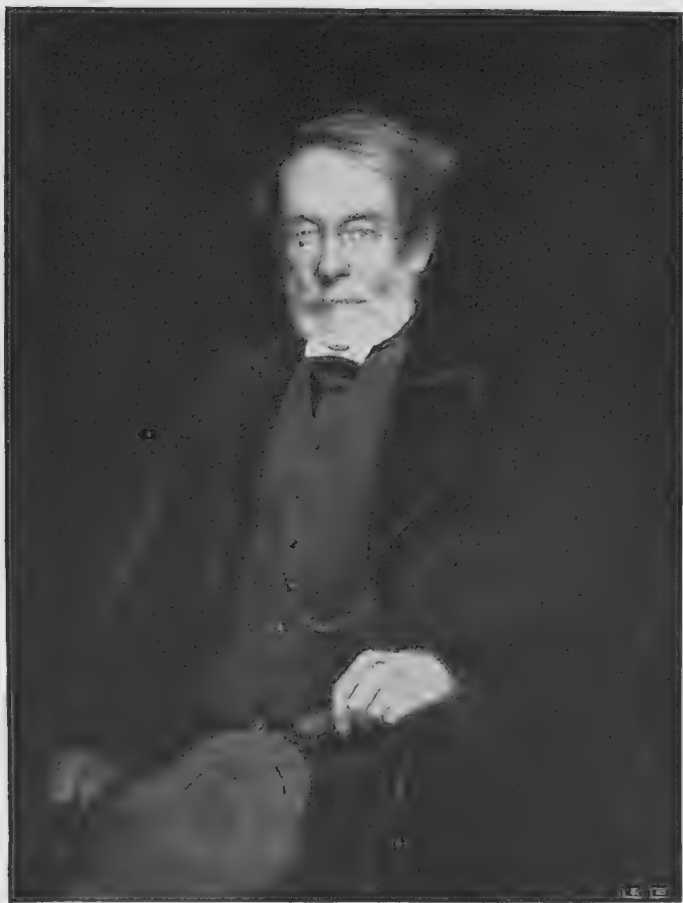
PANEL BELONGING TO MISS LEGA-WEEKES.



THE ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN: AN EGYPTIAN CAVALRYMAN.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



MR. DUNCAN MACRAE, OF KAMES CASTLE,
BUTESHIRE.—MISS DOROTHY LEVESON.

Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl is rapidly becoming the possessor of a kind of National Gallery in black-and-white, and his latest additions to that gallery are by no means the least interesting of his delightful series. He has just published Mr. Henry Ryland's "La Penserosa," the very charming picture (noticed, I believe, at the time, in this column) which was exhibited this year at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. Mr. A. L. Vernon's picture, "The Heiress," which was exhibited at last year's Academy, and Mr. Charles Stuart's landscapes, "Their Native Land" and "Their Highland Home," have also been published in black-and-white by the same enterprising gentleman.

Everything that comes from Mr. Hanfstaengl's hands is always artistic in the best sense of the word, and these reproductions are in their way masterpieces of right treatment. The girl in Mr. Ryland's picture is reproduced in the new publication with absolute fulness of effect; she is seated, and her hair falls about her forehead with a tender freedom of effect. As an achievement, therefore, nothing better could be desired, and, indeed, the choice of Mr. Ryland's painting was quite in the right line of tradition as one knows it from Mr. Hanfstaengl's former successes. But it can scarcely be said that Mr. Charles Stuart's work stands in that line; it is on so enormous a scale that its faults are accentuated by the translation into black-and-white, which reveals defects of composition hitherto covered by colour.

The Exhibition of Christian Art, which the Prince della Rocca lately proposed at the Catholic Congress at Milan, will be held at Paris in 1900, synchronously with but independently of the Paris Exhibition itself. That the scheme is well backed by the hierarchy, whose traditions and glories it will serve to perpetuate, is shown by the interesting fact that thirteen Cardinals of the Church and three hundred Bishops are already included in the Committee. The Exhibition will have such abundant material to draw upon that its success should be assured even in sceptical and pleasure-loving Paris.

I have received from the *Art Journal* office the illustrated catalogue of the Tate Gallery, a little volume containing an introduction by Mr. David Croal Thomson, editor of the journal aforementioned. In his prefatory note Mr. Thomson remarks that by Mr. Tate's munificent gift a great reproach has been removed from the Metropolis. Strangers visiting London used to complain that it was impossible to see good representative specimens of the art of the present day as it is practised in these islands. Such a gallery as the Luxembourg was wanting, and even the provincial towns of England and Scotland were before us in this respect. But now Mr. Tate has changed all that, and we possess one of the best galleries in the world devoted to the art of living British painters. As a work of art, the catalogue itself seems scarcely worthy of its publishers. The reproductions are of varying merit (one scarcely likes to say demerit); now and then they are tolerable, but in many cases the pictures are very unsatisfactory. The fault is often due to printing, but in certain cases the block is initially bad. The placing of blocks on the page, too, is manifestly careless. Altogether, one could have wished a better handbook to the Tate Gallery.

Mr. Hugh de T. Glazebrook has based an impressive picture on Spenser's quaint lines—

Sad, solemne, soure, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why.

Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy,
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

Very clearly has Mr. Glazebrook indicated the perplexed state of mind which Spenser worded in his curious style. By the way, attention may be called to the edition of "The Faërie Queene" which Mr. Louis Fairfax Muckley has been illustrating for Messrs. Dent. This is certainly not the best effort of the Aldine House. The paper is a rather dingy yellow, but it bears its black ink bravely enough.

Miss Dorothy Leveson, who paints the portrait of Mr. MacRae, is a clever young artist who started out on her career with a great stroke of luck. Her father is one of the most enthusiastic members of the Johnson Club.



"SAD, SOLEMNE, SOURE, AND FULL OF FANCIES FRAILE."—HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK.
Exhibited in the New Gallery.



MR. HEDMONDT AS RIP IN "RIP VAN WINKLE," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MISS ATTALIE CLAIRE AS GRETCHEN IN "RIP VAN WINKLE," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like Fren h falconers, fly at anything we see."

When Arthur Pendennis, living in the Temple, had a harmless love-affair with Fanny Bolton, his laundress's daughter, there was a great outcry from Thackeray's readers. "Pendennis" was appearing in monthly parts, and the circulation fell off after the Temple episode, because a virtuous public could not tolerate such philandering. In the preface to this story, Thackeray wrote the famous complaint that, since the time of Fielding, no English novelist had been allowed to paint "a man." After some five-and-forty years this seems rather quaint, for it is difficult to say what our virtuous public will not tolerate now. Du Maurier's hero, Barty Josselin, was allowed to carry on in *Harper's Magazine* with a gay peeress, and I have not heard that the circulation of that admirable periodical declined in consequence. Like Charles Surface, Barty was always giving husbands cause for much uneasiness. One of them wounded him in a duel, and still no chaste home in Massachusetts took affront. There is no protest in this country even from the aristocracy, in whose preserves Mr. Josselin, who combined the devilry of a handsome Guardsman with the romance of a bar sinister, was in the habit of making illicit excursions. His biographer can even offer some cynical reflections on the easy manners of high birth and breeding without provoking the mildest remonstrance.

From that charming American story, "The Choir Invisible," I learn that impeccable ladies in Kentucky read "Tom Jones" more than a hundred years ago. Has Mr. James Lane Allen been reproached at home for prompting virginal readers in New Hampshire to the surreptitious study of that classic? Compared to Tom Jones, Barty Josselin is an amateur in peccadillo, and Arthur Pendennis recedes into the dimly religious perspective of a stained-glass window. In Kentucky *apud* 1786, nobody dreamed of imitating Mr. Jones; but his adventures were the favourite literature of beautiful and estimable gentlewomen. I have diligently watched my *New York Critic* for a sign of some retrospective wisdom on this phenomenon. No doubt, manners have changed, and "Tom Jones" is no longer conned at Kentuckian firesides; but when a novelist of Mr. Allen's rare delicacy reproduces the time and the point of view which made this book a household treasure, I wonder that some moralist does not call him to account, or at least explain to New Hampshire why it was fundamentally right for ladies to read Fielding a century ago, though he cannot be commended to them now. This would be an interesting study in comparative ethics for some of the correspondents of the *Critic*.

I cannot help thinking it would be more interesting and profitable than the theme which inspired one lady to liberate her soul in that excellent journal. As I write from memory, her surname has escaped me; but her Christian name is Alice, and I trust it is not presumptuous on my part to remark that Alice suggests a tolerant and tender spirit, slightly aloof from worldly inquiry, as in the gentle strains of "Alice, Where Art Thou?" Well, this lady wrote in the *Critic* a sublime rebuke of England. This wicked country was shown to have acquired an Empire by the immoral arts of conquest. Alice was not unwilling to admit that India is now administered, on the whole, in the interests of justice; but, was it simply for the purpose of doing good that England seized this vast domain? It was not; nor, I imagine, has this lofty purpose alone inspired the United States Government in its various appropriations of territory originally in the possession of the North American Indians. If Alice would study those transactions, some of them more recent than the British conquest of Hindostan, she might perceive that, when empire is in the making, there is "no time for sentiment," as the Chicago lady remarked when explaining why she wheeled right over the prostrate form of another lady in a cycling race. England has, of course, an insatiable zeal for extending the dominion of the Anglo-Saxon race; but, as this gave Alice's ancestors a footing in America, she might permit some mitigation of its enormity.

How hard it is to cultivate the historical spirit! Here is a studious lady who confides to a literary journal her belief that England is the universal land-grabber, and who ignores the acquisitive genius of France, Russia, Germany, not to mention that majestic Bird with one talon on Hawaii and the other poisoning over Cuba. I know how the emotions are bred to an absorbing antipathy. When I was a very small boy, just big enough to fall prone on a sledge and "coast" down the snowy hills in

Long Island, I received my first lesson in history under the academic roof of a citizen with the good old Dutch name of Underdunk, which, I trust, still flourishes. I read, or rather, spelt, the story of the fight at Lexington, the first battle of the War of Independence, and I still see the colonists rushing into their houses, seizing their muskets, and opening fire on the British troops. Born under the Stars and Stripes (though not an American subject), I conceived a violent hatred of the redcoat.

I heard his sabre's cursed clank;
His spurs were jingling everywhere!

When the tea was thrown into Boston Harbor, how the boys of the Underdunk brigade exulted! I am more concerned now that the "u" was not thrown after it; but here Alice may observe the corrupting influence of a subsequent English training! Well, I would not be without those vivid impressions of a child's first enthusiasm; still, there is a certain satisfaction (which, unfortunately, I do not share with Alice) in the thought that England is not an insatiable bandit, at whom other nations are entitled to point the finger of strictly virtuous reproof.

Nationality obscures the vision even of the acutest observers. In his "Journeys through France," Taine notes that only the Southern races bring any poetry to their enjoyment. Certainly gaiety is not the presiding spirit of our insular recreations. "Ma gaité est mon trésor," as Barty Josselin used to sing, is literally true in France, and Taine might have shown the difference between this treasure and the strange commotion which we call British fun. Instead of that distinction, we are treated to a sketch of the typical Englishman who, when he leaves off work for a little amusement, drinks, fights, and swears, and, when he is sober again, washes his face in hot and his body in cold water, brushes his whiskers, and resumes his toil. This is not intended to be a caricature; it is the deliberate observation of a French philosopher; yet, even Alice will probably allow some deduction in the interests of truth—say, the brushing of the whiskers. It is as if an English philosopher were to describe the typical American, on pleasure bent, as stroking his goatee, donning a suit of brilliant stripes, shifting the quid of tobacco from the hollow of his jaw, to replace it by a pound of pea-nuts, and delivering a panegyric on John L. Sullivan to a congregation of Boston Methodists.

But you cannot justly understand the limitations of philosophy till you find a group of intelligent persons gravely discussing in the *St. James's Gazette* whether it was ever right to burn heretics. I wonder somebody does not argue the question whether King John was justified in drawing the teeth of opulent Jews when he was short of money. Down to the middle of the last century, sound Protestant theologians held that it was necessary to burn witches for the glory of God. Cruelty has never been confined to one sect in our blessed Christendom. The Huguenots suffered much, but they were like Iago's women—saints in their injuries, devils being offended. There was nothing to choose, in point of barbarity, between Torquemada and Calvin. On the whole, I prefer the priests of Baal, who cut themselves with knives, not other people; but I don't want to pen letters for an evening paper on the historical propriety of this religious rite. In the course of evolution, Christianity had to pass through its period of savagery like other tribal institutions. Marriage by capture, and the pleasing custom of choosing a bride by dragging her about in public by the hair, as the legend says Norman William did with Matilda, are interesting to the student; but even an amateur debating society would not consider whether they are worthy of approbation.

Why don't the correspondents of the *St. James's Gazette* apply their minds to the serious portents disclosed by the *Theosophical Review*? I learn from Mrs. Besant that there is to be a coalition of the planets for the confusion of our poor earth. Talk of Continental combinations against grasping England! How trumpery they become when you think that, on Dec. 3, 1899, seven planets will be "grouped in Sagittarius—the Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Saturn, Herschel, and, as an eighth, the Moon's node"! Cannot our astronomers do something to prevent or mitigate this conjunction? Let them coax Venus, make Herschel penitent for its ingratitude, and get the German Emperor to threaten Mars! Something must be done to upset this planetary cabal, or Potsdam may be swallowed by an earthquake. Mrs. Besant says "the hearts of all Theosophists should be calm, firm, and serene"; but we cannot all enjoy the consolations of Theosophy. Alice may be tempted to think that only England will suffer on Dec. 3, 1899, but I suspect that nobody will be safe, even in New Hampshire!

DANISH HORSES.

A visitor to Denmark who has an eye for horses will be struck with their seeming scarcity, except, of course, in the principal towns. In a solely agricultural country he would expect to see them in large numbers on



A TYPICAL MARE.

the farms, and doubtless suppose that they would be in some way typical of our Shires, Clydesdales, or Suffolks. But the fact is, a great deal of farm-work is done by oxen, with or without the assistance of horses, and many of the waggons and implements are constructed with a view to that kind of motive-power. The horses which are employed in both town and country are indigenous to the soil. They are about sixteen hands, medium light in frame, and mostly brown and chestnut in colour. Their tails are never docked; they carry long switches which add very much to their beauty, and they have breast-collars instead of those in use in England. As with us, there are good, bad, and indifferent specimens, but some show signs of careful breeding. The improvement of the equine stock is occupying the attention of Danish farmers, who unite in the purchase of good sires. One of these, Zarif, is pictured in this page, having cost the Slangrup Horse-Breeding Association no less than £250. It is of beautiful symmetry, and possesses many of the characteristics of the Cleveland Bay. Another sire, recently shown with the above on Mr. Neilsen's farm at Tjoereby, near Frederiksborg, was more of a hackney stamp, and seemed to indicate a cross of the hackney and the native horse, and it moved something like the English animal. While the horses do not compare favourably with ours, they are useful animals, and are quite able to do the work which they are called upon to perform. The other picture is of a mare belonging to Mr. Neilsen, which has descended from the best Frederiksborg blood, its ancestors being Hamlet and Regulus, two sires well known in Denmark.

A. J. STANTON.

THE PIPES OF PAN.

There is a public-house in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch the great attraction of which is its Saturday-night boxing competitions; another tavern in Bethnal Green is famous for its skittle matches; and now an enterprising Boniface of Lambeth has hit upon a fresh "draw"—mouth-organ contests, to wit. Almost every Saturday evening a competition of this nature is held in a long club-room at the rear of his premises. Boniface himself gives the prizes, which range from half-a-sovereign down to a dozen of the tavern's popular twopenny "smokes." The head potman—himself no mean performer on the "organ"—acts as judge, and that he discharges his onerous duties in an impartial spirit is proved by the fact that the prizes are carried off by competitors from all parts of the Metropolis. The first prize, indeed, has only once gone to a native of Lambeth. Each instrumentalist is required to play two selections from his repertoire—a "sentimental" air and jig. The judge lounges back in his chair, listening critically, and making mental notes of a candidate's points. When the last musician has finished, the potman, amid the breathless excitement of the audience, announces his decisions. The prizes are then awarded, and a "sing-song" concludes the night's entertainment. Stratford-by-Bow would seem to be the nursery of mouth-organ artists, for no less than five recent first-prize winners have hailed from that locality. Poplar comes next; but, though its aggregate of wins is smaller than Stratford's, it boasts of having in its midst the redoubtable "Dugger" Beard. "Dugger," who is a young dealer, can, it is said, play Irish jigs continuously for an hour and thirty-five minutes—a record that has never been approached. The British pot-house is fast losing its individuality, although the young man in Mr. Pinero's play proposed to revive ratting, and held a meeting in a public-house for that purpose; but such competitions as those in Lambeth go far to restore its ancient peculiarity.



THE STALLION ZARIF.

A NEAPOLITAN SINGER.

A night or two before I left Naples I heard Emilia Persico at the Salone Margherita, that usually too "cosmopolitan" music-hall, which everyone who has been in Naples knows, underneath the Galleria. She was singing in Rome a part of the time that I was there, and I often



PRELLÉ AND HIS DOGS.

heard her, but never to such advantage as that night. It was a special occasion, the last night of the season, and she had come specially for the occasion.

The Persico is the best known, and certainly the best, the most typical, musical-hall singer in Naples. Her appearance is bewildering. She is fairly tall, fat, and blonde, and she emphasises her colour, unusual enough in Naples, by an elaborate make-up, white with a few very faint spots of pink, like flushes of heat, and by elaborate dresses of flowered pink, which repeat the notes of her hair and face. And this large blonde creature has blue eyes, and for a moment you would take her for an American, until you see that she is Neapolitan of the Neapolitans, full of astuteness and perversity, and radiant with a sort of corrupt health. The contrast between what she sings, her manner of singing it, and something almost babyish in the outlines of her face, is precisely one of her audacious tricks; she is, indeed, what Marie Lloyd would like to be. She sings the Piedigrotta songs, and these songs have a note of their own which, except for a certain slight resemblance with Spanish rhythms, is like nothing else that I have ever heard. It is advisable not to look into the words too closely, and, as the Neapolitan dialect is very different from ordinary Italian, it is not difficult to be a little vague as to their precise meaning. But the tunes are themselves instructive enough, tunes which have a sort of throbbing and caressing and sombre and brutal hilarity, now hurrying precipitately, now breaking off as with a laugh or a sob, now going slowly, gravely, cautiously, and then again clattering to a finish. They are instructive even when sung without much expression, and what expression the Persico puts into them! Her singing of the famous "Cavallo," which one has heard a score of times already, shows one, for the first time, what can be made of that not very edifying song; her "Io Son Nervosa," which it is difficult to sing without a certain significance, gains I know not what dramatic quality by her insinuating directness. And she has her own reading of every song, a reading which is full of intelligence, of artistic intention. She sings, as these songs must be sung, with an air of immense enjoyment, but she never allows that particular kind of vivacity to become too literally natural, as some of the Neapolitan singers do, nor too obviously artificial, as the rest do. She masters at once herself and her audience, and she sets you speculating on the secret of her power. I think it is really in just what it seems not to be, in her aloofness from what she is singing, a deliberately cultivated manner, a careful adjustment of means to an end. The means are not of the first quality, nor is the end of the first importance; but it seems to me that Emilia Persico is a distinct type of the music-hall singer, succeeding, as she does, better than anyone else in Italy, in giving their full significance to the Neapolitan songs, which are the one characteristic element of the Italian music-hall.

A. S.

A VENTRILOQUIST AND HIS DOG-PUPPETS.

It is ventriloquial and remarkable only so far as the agents are concerned. As a ventriloquist, Prellé is no better than his many competitors, perhaps not so good as some; as an originator of new ideas he scores over all of them. To him the dummies dear to the average ventriloquist do not appeal; he would appear to have said with the Psalmist, "Eyes they have but see not, ears and hear not, neither is there any breath in their mouths." His puppets come on merrily enough; one sits in a small chariot, apparently a lady of high degree; another draws the chariot, not quite a thoroughbred horse, but as near as is advisable for driving; a third stands up behind the carriage, a footman in splendid livery. There is but one hint of deception; like Hamlet's father's ghost, each of these puppets can a tail unfold; the ever-wagging appendage soon reveals to the careful observer the fact that the puppets are puppies. Were any proof needed, Prellé discounts the necessity by pulling the heads off his company before they leave the stage. The proceeding sounds cruel, and yet I am inclined to think it is the kindest part of the business, for the dogs have apparently grown so accustomed to the head with which they came into the world that they are scarcely enthusiastic about the additional ones that the thought of Prellé has provided for them.

At this juncture, or disjuncture, on the night of my visit, they made their bow, and departed to the wings for fresh heads and postures new. One came back as a racehorse or a hunter; on his back sat a real dummy with an Irish face and an enviable expression. The dog-horse galloped around, went over high hurdles, treated all obstacles as though they did not exist, and the rider simply sat on and smiled like a born fox-hunter. He seemed to know that he could not lose his seat if he tried, being strapped on, and also that horse-exercise is good for the liver. Prellé stood round with a long whip, and was content to smile and look beautiful. I went on the stage after the turn and had a short chat with him; he knows very little English, and I know less German, so conversation was bashful. However, he told me that he had been at the business many years, that the dogs were not easily trained, and that he treated them well.

"If they make a mistake at night," he said simply, "I rehearse them on the following morning." The whole procedure seems even simpler than writing. You take your dogs and you train them; they do the rest. I expect, if the truth were known, we should see Mr. Prellé, and all



PRELLÉ AND HIS DOGS.

Photo by Grünberger, Prague.

gentlemen in the same branch of business, rehearsing in the same smart clothes and similar bland smile, surrounded by dogs innumerable, some turning back-somersaults from conviction, others wearing masks from choice, and standing on two legs instead of four, because they think it more elegant. Why should all progress be confined to human beings? Why should not the dog develop? Mr. Prellé's performance suggests some striking possibilities.

S. L. B.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE HOLIDAY OVER AND THE HUNTER'S RETURN.



VISIONS OF THE FUTURE FEMALE.



"TWO BIRDS," ETC.

Jones getting into form for the First and disposing of that infernal hat of Mrs. J.'s.



PETITS CHEVAUX.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A CASUAL ENIGMA.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

I was dining in the sombre Roman palace by the Tiber, the palace of Zola's Boccancera, and the talk, as dinner ended, had become more and more serious, until we found ourselves discussing, over our coffee, the abstract idea of art, and then, the yet more abstract idea of duty. I, as I like to do, pretended the most logical doubts as to the very existence of anything so abstract, apart from the more or less ideally selfish ways through which we fancy we know it. The Countess, really pained, pleaded for the idea of duty, and some of her arguments were so hard to refute that I ended by telling her the story of something that had really happened to me, to confirm her in so desirable a belief.

"It was just before I left London, on a very clear November evening; I was walking through one of the side-streets near Portland Place, when I heard, not far from me, a beautiful voice singing. I turned a corner, and there, outside one of those tall houses—it was rather a narrow street, and no one was passing—I saw a woman dressed in black sitting on a camp-stool and holding on her knees a small keyed instrument, on which she was accompanying herself, while she sang a drawing-room ballad, with great delicacy and precision. I stopped to listen. She seemed to me to be sparing her voice as much as possible; but the voice, I assure you, was of admirable quality: it was a voice that had been trained. My first impulse was to remain, out of curiosity; my second, one of those after-thoughts of indifference which are, I think, the mere contradiction of instinct balancing instinct; my third, still partly indifferent, said to me, 'Well, after all, here is something really well done. I must give her something, not because she is probably poor, but because she is certainly an artist.' I waited until she had finished one of the verses, then went up to her and put sixpence into her hand. As she looked up at me, I saw that she was rather stout, middle-aged, and that she wore a very thick veil over her face, covering all but the mouth.

"'Merci, Monsieur,' she said, entirely without accent.

"I spoke to her in French, complimenting her on the quality of her voice. She told me that she was English, but that she spoke most languages, for she had studied all over Europe. I asked her if she had sung on the stage. Yes, she had sung on the stage, but more often in concerts.

"'And where have you sung?' I said.

"She smiled, waved her left hand (I saw she had a wedding-ring on it), and said, 'Ah, now we are coming to personalities!'

"Her manner, the tones of her voice, were those of a lady; she answered my questions with perfect composure, neither inviting nor resenting them. But, as her last words seemed to point to a secret hidden behind that thick veil, through which I could but vaguely distinguish her features, I returned to more general matters, and again complimented her on the quality of her voice.

"'Ah,' she said, 'it was indeed once a beautiful voice; but I have had great trouble; and, though you may not know it, a great trouble can take away the voice. It is not what it once was, or I should not be here.'

"I asked her if she often sang in the streets, and she told me that she often sang there and in South Kensington, but never in the more crowded parts, for fear her friends, at whose houses she visited, might recognise her.

"'But surely, in these quiet places,' I said, 'you cannot get much money?'

"'I have made sometimes as much as five pounds a-week,' she said. 'People are very kind.'

"While we were talking a servant had come out of the nearest house and put something into her hand.

"'Is it from Madame?' she said.

"The servant nodded.

"'Thank her from me.'

"But who was she?" broke in the Countess, interrupting me with a movement of impatience. "And what has all this to do with the idea of duty?"

"Who she was I cannot tell you, but I am just coming to the idea of duty. She was beginning to pack up her instrument, folding it together, and fitting it into a leather case. 'What I regret the most,' she said, 'in being poor is that I cannot help people as much as I used to. I had a *crèche* in the Children's Hospital. I had to give that up. And my poor people, to whom I give half-a-crown, five shillings, a-week. You don't know what a little sum like that means to very poor people.' I looked at her, I confess, in some wonder, and, as she spoke of 'very poor people,' I noticed how worn and shabby her clothes were, and how old and dingy the leather case was into which she had put the instrument, and I could not help asking her if she did not want the money for herself.

"'I teach music,' she said; 'I have some very nice pupils, some very nice pupils; I get a little money. But what are we here for if we don't help others?'

"'Most people,' I said, 'think of themselves first; and of others, perhaps not at all.'

"'Don't think that,' she said earnestly, rising and standing before

me; 'if you think it, don't go on thinking it; for it is not true, it is not true.'

"What a good lesson for you!" said the Countess. "But did she really go into the streets to get money to give to poor people?"

"I am only telling you what she told me, and if you had heard the way she talked, as if it were a very simple matter of course, you would certainly have believed her. She told me a good many things that I could test, named Sherrington, from whom she (or rather, if I remember rightly, her sisters) had had lessons.

"I was to be the prima-donna of the future,' she said; then she broke off, and then said, 'But I can talk to you freely, after all, for you do not know who I am.'

"I do not know who you are,' I said, 'and I do not ask you. You interest me because you have a voice.'

"What is my voice?' she said. 'It is no credit to me that I have a voice. Who gave me my voice?'

"I do not know,' I said, a little lightly.

"Yes!' she said solemnly; 'you know, you know—it was God Almighty!'

"Well,' I said, 'if he gave it to you, he gave it to you, surely, in order that you might use it for the delight of the world. Do you care nothing for art?'

"Art!' she said, a little bitterly; 'if you care for art, you don't get rich.'

"But,' I said, 'do you only want to be rich? An artist, surely, should live for his art.'

"What is my voice to me?' she said again. 'It comes and goes, and to sing is no more to me than breathing is to you. Ah, yes,' she went on, with a momentary excitement, 'I like the power to hold an audience breathless, to make them cry! But, after all, what is it?'

"More,' I said, 'and a greater gift than your half-crown to your poor people.'

"She shook her head. 'No, no; believe me,' she said, 'we are here to help one another. That is more than art.'

"By this time it had struck ten; you may not sing in the streets of London after ten, and a policeman came and stood near us, as if to remind my enigmatical companion of the fact. She gathered up her camp-stool, bowed to me with elaborate grace, I lifted my hat, and we parted."

"And was that all?" said the Countess.

"That was all. I have often wondered since who she was, if one has ever heard her name, and what unhappy secret lay behind that dark veil."

"I should like to know more about her," said the Countess musingly. "I should like to do something for her. Poor woman! But," she added triumphantly, after a pause, "at all events, you have proved my point. Have you not convinced yourself?"

"I am convinced," I answered, "that the woman was a good woman. But she certainly had not the soul of an artist."



CINDERELLA.

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THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

PALLONE.

Few spectators of the modern game of lawn-tennis know whence we derive our chalked lines, the central net, the graceful gestures, and rapid strikes. A moment's thought suffices to convince us that lawn-tennis boasts no Northern origin. Not by brute strength but by rapid calculation and agility of limb are the points gained. And not far South have we travelled ere we find in Milan, then Florence, and in each successive Italian city, the sporting population consumed with interest in what they called *pallone*.

Now, for whatever Italians may be famed, athletic sports and manly games are not among their strong points. Nevertheless, this single game is so universally played as to merit the term of national. From the Alps to the sea *pallone* is witnessed by enthusiastic crowds of spectators. Edmondo de Amicis, one of Italy's most versatile writers, and among

court, four on each side, and the pitcher takes his place in a square cage in the centre of one end of the court. One set of players is called the *Azzurri* (blues), the other *Rossi* (reds). The game is begun by the *battitore* (pitcher) serving the ball to each of the receivers on the opposite side in turn. The ball must go over the cord extended in the middle of the court, like the central net of the tennis-ground, touch the ground once on each side, and be returned to the player on the extreme left of the other side. The ball is received and returned with the wooden glove, re-turned, and so forth. Each time that either side receives and returns the ball, making it comply with the requirements—that is, pass above the central cord and not go out of the limits of the court—fifteen points are gained. The maximum number of points is forty-five, but it is called forty. That is to say, the third and last round adds but ten and out to the preceding thirty points. Then the players reverse sides, and the pitcher of the winning side serves the ball.



A GAME OF PALLONE.

the few modern Italians who have raised themselves above the level of the love-sickly and penny dreadful to the realm of more healthful books of travel and adventure, exasperated at the flaccid interest of the general public in literature of sport, conceived the idea of devoting a work to this game that should rouse his countrymen from their morbid tastes, which, according to him, proceeded from mental, moral, and physical inaction, and to instil into them a love for physical exertion.

In this little book, "*Gli Azzurri e i Rossi*," De Amicis tries to arouse interest in *pallone* outside of the professional sporting circles by whom now alone it is performed. He desires that Italian colleges and universities should take up the sport, and play it as English college men do cricket and American baseball.

This game of *pallone* (big ball), whose rules are so simple as almost to appear childish, is played upon an oblong court one hundred by twenty-five metres in extent. It is divided crosswise in the centre by a line. The players are nine—four on each side, and one pitcher. The implements are a leather air-filled ball, ten to twelve centimetres in diameter, and a *bracciale*. This last consists of a cylindrical wooden glove, weighing six pounds, made all in one piece, cut to fit the hand inside, and outside studded with hard-wood teeth and bound with steel bands. The players arrange themselves near the two extremes of the

This game dates from the sixteenth century, and in many of the provincial Italian towns the *bracciali* count their years of active service by the hundreds. They are handed down from generation to generation, usually belonging to the noble family of the place, and loaned to each succeeding player as he makes his reputation on the field. The costumes of silk and brocade are rich in the extreme, for here the Italian can give his fancy for bright colours free play, and some of the more noted players adopt the ancient costume or livery of their patrons.

If Italian boys and youths could be induced to take more interest in athletics, their school-life, which by them is looked upon as a forced confinement and banishment from all pleasure, would hold attractions, and in the intercourse with the schools and colleges of other nations, which common sports and common amusements only can bring, would come wider horizons, healthier morals, and better dispositions.

It is worthy of note that De Amicis has not been the first writer to celebrate the glories of *pallone*. Leopardi has indited a song to its honour, and no less a person than Goethe was inspired to celebrate its praises. In his "*Italian Journey*" he compares the attitude assumed by the pitcher to that of the gladiator in the museum of the Villa Borghese. And there are minor poets by the score. A favourite theme is the fickleness of Dame Fortune with regard to this pet game, for mere

skill does not suffice to ensure victory. The wind has to be reckoned with, the intangible psychic condition of each player, and so forth.

De Amicis deplors that so essentially national a sport should be in decadence, for such he says is the case. Outside Piedmont and Tuscany,

commissions were even called to decide concerning the points of dispute at issue. In Rome only last century the great patricians had *pallone* courts within their palaces, and protected and dressed the players at their own expense. Nay, when Clement XII. died, it was arranged that a



EVERYDAY LIFE ON THE EDGE OF OUR INDIAN FRONTIER: AFGHAN MERCHANTS RESTING AT QUETTA BAZAAR.

the classic grounds of *pallone*, the game is improperly played; an india-rubber ball, "the ball of children," is taken in the place of its leathern brother, and the rules are neglected and softened to weaklier demands. In connection with this he surveys the historic glories of his beloved game. There was a time, he tells us, when a game of *pallone* was one of the chief spectacles offered to foreign princely visitors, being

special series of games should be played at the Belvedere to divert the Cardinals confined for the Conclave. These games were witnessed by the Cardinals with the keenest interest from the windows of the Vatican. Nor did the ladies in those days take less interest than their menfolk in the sport, while nowadays ladies are not often seen in the courts. Formerly, too, crack players were summoned from different cities, just



SELLING GRAIN IN QUETTA BAZAAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BREMMER.

played in richly decorated courts to the sound of trumpets, horns, and cymbals, in the presence of distinguished citizens, and special tribunes to see it were run up, for the seats in which fabulous prices were paid. In cases of doubtful victory the pros and cons of the various sides were gravely discussed by statesmen, and scientific professors and international

as now we engage some great artist or actor, and the defeat of a citizen would be taken to heart by the whole population of a town.

With such glories and traditions, what wonder that a patriotic Italian should mourn to see the game degenerate! De Amicis' book is richly illustrated by sketches and photographs.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

OWLS IN EAST ANGLIA.

In our neighbourhood, which is a quiet rural district in Norfolk, surrounded but not intersected by the railway, people are beginning to recognise that the owls, on the whole, are not the wilful depredators some would have us believe, and, with the exception of a few still prejudiced game-preservers, we have made up our minds to do what we can to prevent unnecessary slaughtering of the species.

Some of our rustics have not wholly freed themselves of a superstitious dislike to seeing an owl flying heavily but swiftly towards them through the deepening dusk, and they will still somewhat shamefacedly admit that its screech has at times given them quite "a turn." Indeed, a horse-man at one of the local farms experienced a severe fright not long ago while on his way to the stables to attend to the teams brought in from their day's work on the land. It was a rainy night, and as he crossed the farmyard he turned aside into an open cart-shed to shelter himself while he lit his pipe. He had hardly got under cover of the shed roof when a large barn-owl swooped down from one of the rafters and brushed out the lighted match he held in his hand by a stroke of one of its wings. It is doubtful which was the more scared, the man or the owl, but the former could not be persuaded that the bird

seen to savagely attack one that had chased it in the keeper's garden. There is a coppice situated some distance from the high-road which is a favourite haunt of the brown owl, though the species is nothing like so numerous as some of us can remember it to have been. On still summer nights we sometimes hear its monotonous, melancholy note of "hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo," varied occasionally by a shrill screech, resembling that of the barn-owl. One of these birds laid its eggs in a sparrow-hawk's nest, but they are usually found in old hollow trees. It often has for a companion in its night-hawking the long-eared owl, the curious and deceptive cries of which are often heard by those who pass in the dusk by the borders of the wood. Last summer we saw a pair of long-eared owls perched, either asleep or in a meditative mood, among the branches of a fir-tree. They were quite undisturbed by the frisking of the squirrels among the evergreen plumes above their heads, nor were they disposed to stir when a walking-stick was tapped against the trunk of the tree. A few days later one of these owls, or a similar owl, was seen surrounded by a flock of small birds, which chased and persecuted him until he disappeared within the cover of the coppice. Apparently he had been surprised by the dawn at some distance from his daytime retreat, and before he could gain shelter from the glare of the sunlight the tables were turned upon him by the weaker birds among whom he had found so many victims. Now and again a short-eared or little-horned owl is



THE REAPER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REID, WISHAW.

did not attempt to "grab out his eyes" ere it disappeared into the darkness, and has ever since congratulated himself on his escape.

Barn-owls are fairly plentiful in our district, where there is abundant food for them in the shape of mice, young rats, and bats. They live principally in old farm-buildings and the hollow trees of the larger plantations. Until a few years ago, they were known to frequent a neighbouring church-tower; but they have abandoned it since the rector presented the church with a set of new bell-ropes. It is somewhat surprising that they are not more often disturbed during the daytime, for, if lads' stories are to be believed, there are few of their haunts which are unknown. Maybe, fear of the results of a too close investigation of their daytime retreat has something to do with their comparative immunity from interference, for there is a legend in the village of a supposed desperate attack made by an owl on a boy. The worst thing that can be said about the barn-owl by the farmers of our locality is that it has been known to rob the pigeon-cotes, and, on one occasion, a young pigeon, which was missed from one of our cotes, was found concealed in the thatched roof of a cattle-byre. As a rule, however, the owls which visit the farmyards and stackyards appear to content themselves with bats and small rats. Flying beetles are also favoured by them as a change of diet, and of field-mice they are particularly fond. A young barn-owl that was captured by the son of a local gamekeeper became so tame that after its release it seldom flew far from the hay-loft in which it had been confined, and it grew so accustomed to the lad that it would take dead mice and birds from his hand. It had, however, a great objection to dogs, and was once

seen flying low over the meadows and fields of root crops. Among the marshmen, who sometimes meet with him on the lowlands, he is known as the marsh-owl. This is the same bird that in some places is known as the woodcock-owl, a name which it is supposed to have gained in consequence of its erratic flight. During the shooting season it is not an unusual occurrence for a short-eared owl to be driven from among the field stubble, and it has more than once been encountered by gunners on the open waste lands. Daylight does not seem to have the same dazzling effect upon this little owl that it has upon the barn and tawny owls. It is always a matter of regret to us when we hear of the destruction of any of these birds, for they render good service in keeping down the number of field-voles, which are such a plague to our farmers.

There is an old shepherd on one of the farms about here who claims to be something of an authority on "owlology." He bases his claim to this distinction upon the fact that some years ago he captured a Tengmalm's Owl, which dropped down at his feet one night when he suddenly opened the door of his hut, which was standing on a sheep's pasture. His description of the bird is vague, and, as he sold it to a stranger, we have never been able to determine its species to our entire satisfaction. As, however, Tengmalm's Owl has been shot in both Norfolk and Suffolk, as well as in other counties in England, there is no reason why the old shepherd should not be right when he affirms that he was once the possessor of such a bird. A "little owl" is supposed to have been seen on the roof of a waggon-shed at our Hall Farm, and a few weeks later one was shot not far from the scene of its conjectured appearance.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Many of those whose duty it was to deal in print with the manifold glories of "The White Heather" have fallen into the blunder that the stirring conflict between divers "at the bottom of the deep blue sea" was perfectly original, and had hitherto been unwitnessed on the boards. No such claim was made on the Drury Lane programme, for the very good reason that an analogous submarine fight between divers was the great scene of a popular provincial melodrama, "The Diver's Luck," which was produced fully a decade back and has been played at several of the outlying theatres. The participants in this combat were Martin Faber, the diver of the title, and his villainous enemy Tom Hall, a part "created," with much power and effect, by an actor well known in the country, Mr. Eric Hudson. Mr. Fred Cooke and Mr. W. R. Waldron, to whom the composition and production of "The Diver's Luck" were due, are sure to be claiming their just priority in this regard.

Oddly enough, "The White Heather" is completely devoid of the horseracing scenes found in such other Drury Lane dramas as "A Run of Luck," "A Million of Money," "The Prodigal Daughter," and "The Derby Winner," and is equally free from the military spectacles that gave much of their attractiveness to "Human Nature," "A Life of Pleasure," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and so on. The Thames scene has been represented on similar lines in the first of "tank dramas," "A Dark Secret."

Few would think from Mr. Henry Neville's alert and erect frame and resonant tones as Lord Angus Cameron in "The White Heather," that his London debut was made at the Lyceum so far back as Oct. 8, 1860, as Percy Ardent in Boucicault's long-forgotten comedy "The Irish Heiress." From his Bob Brierly in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," onwards, Mr. Neville for almost thirty years played scores of heroic parts, chiefly in romantic drama and sensational melodrama, and one of the few instances of ungrateful characters sustained by him that I can trace was that of the villain who "knocks about" Ariane, represented by Mrs. Bernard Beere, in the dramatisation of that name brought out at the Opera Comique in Feb. 1888. Latterly, Mr. Neville has occasionally been seen as men approaching middle-age, for instance,



MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

as Roger Tempest, the elderly lover of Sweet Nancy, and as that gallant Bayard of modern days, the Marquis of Chepstow, who so bravely directs "The Last Stand" in "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." But Mr. Neville, for the greater part of his career, was entitled to the flattering appellation of the English Delaunay, and his present success as an unscrupulous aristocrat shows what experience and genuine ability can accomplish even in an uncongenial part.

Mr. Levilly's company is sure to delight the provinces in "La Poupée." The doll-wife is cleverly played by Miss Stella Gastelle, and she is well supported.

There were so many fine qualities in Mrs. Oscar Beringer's play "A Bit of Old Chelsea," in which, as the innocent flower-girl, Miss Annie Hughes acted so delightfully at the Court Theatre, that I have



MISS STELLA GASTELLE IN "LA POUPÉE."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

been looking forward with keen interest to the performance next Saturday at the Avenue, in Mr. Fitzroy Gardner's triple bill, of her romantic drama "My Lady's Orchard." This was originally brought out on Aug. 23, at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Miss Vera Beringer and Miss Esmé Beringer appearing then, as now, as Azalais, wife of John of Courtenay, and as the twelfth-century troubadour, Bertram of Auvergne.

Mr. Clement Scott writes to me as follows—

They tell us continually that the drama is going to the dogs, and that our Navy is a disgrace to this rich and influential country. Well, here are three advertisements taken from the *Times* newspaper of 1804, and there we can see for ourselves what was going on at Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells Theatre, and in Her Majesty's Navy ninety-three years ago—

VAUXHALL.—Under the patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—**TO-MORROW**, Friday, August 31, will be a superb **NAVAL** and **MILITARY FÊTE**, being the last Gala Night but one this Season, when the **GARDENS**, to distinguish a manifestation of respect to the Duke of Clarence and the gallant Tars of Old England, and brave York and the Army, will shine forth in all the majestic dignity of natural pride and glory. Further particulars of this Grand Festival will be given at large in the Advertisements of the day. Admission 3s.

SADLER'S WELLS AQUATIC THEATRE.—Under the Patronage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.—This evening will be presented an entire new Musical Piece, written by C. Dibdin, jun., with new music and Overture, composed by Mr. Reeve, and new Scenery, designed and painted by Mr. Andrews, with Assistants, also new Dresses, Decorations, &c., called **ODD FISH!** or Mrs. Scate in the Seraglio. Principal characters—Messrs. Smith, Slader, Ingle, and Grimaldi; Miss Coburn, Miss Smith, and Mrs. C. Dibdin. In the piece will be introduced an incidental Turkish dance, in which Messrs. Grimaldi and Hartland will dance a Comic Pas Deux. The Entertainment to commence with the favourite Dance called **THE CHOICE**. To be succeeded by the Comic Pantomime called **ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and HARLEQUIN**; and the last Performance of the evening will be the Grand National Exhibition, with real ships on real water. Doors open at half-past five, begin at half-past six. Places to be taken at the Box Office, Sadler's Wells, from nine till four; and Books of the Songs to be had.

NAVAL OFFICE, Aug. 29, 1804.—The principal Officers and Commissioners of His Majesty's Navy do hereby give notice, That on Wednesday, the 5th of next Month, at One o'clock, they will be ready to treat with such Persons as may be willing to Contract for Building, in the River Thames, a **SCHOONER-RIGGED VESSEL**, of about 152 tons burthen. A Copy of the Draught and Contract may be seen at this Office; and all Persons who may offer must insert in their Tenders the price per Ton, and the least time they will undertake to build the vessel in. No Tender will be received after Twelve o'clock on the day of Treaty, nor any noticed, unless the party, or an agent for him, attends.

"Chips of the old block" are pleasingly noticeable in the casts of the Lyceum "Hamlet" revival and the new Drury Lane drama. Mr. Elliot Ball, who appears as Second Player, is son of Sir Henry Irving's musical conductor, Mr. Meredith Ball, and nephew of that fine old actor, Mr. Lewis Ball, so long associated with Mr. Edward Compton's company. Niece to Mr. Compton is the Lyceum Player Queen, Miss Sidney Crowe, who is the clever daughter of a talented mother, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe); and the young lady's husband, Mr. Harrison Hunter, is the Horatio to Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet. A page part is also played by Miss Joan Burnett, child of Mr. J. P. Burnett and of Miss Jennie Lee. At "the Lanc," the impassioned representative of Dick Beach, Mr. Robert Loraine, has lately been playing Hentzau and Maxime Demailly with Mr. George Alexander, with whom also his father, the veteran tragedian, Mr. Henry Loraine, is still playing Marshal Strakenoz in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Minor parts in the cast of "The White Heather" are filled by scions of other histrionic houses, as, for instance, Misses Mary and Margaret Brough, Misses Daisy and Maud Rignold, Miss Daisy Sedger, and Mr. A. Vezin.

During the past two weeks "The Sign of the Cross" has been at the dear old "Brit.," and thither I wended my way a few days ago, with a friend, to see how Mrs. Lane's company would shine in that popular patchwork of sentiment and hysteria. It was a jolly night.



MISS AMY AUGARDE IN "THE WIZARD OF THE NILE," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

The contrasts between virtue and vice were never more clearly defined, a huge house voiced its sympathy with lugubrious Christianity and its detestation of frivolous Paganism. The acting was vigorous from start to finish, and though the "fine shades" dear to Mr. George Meredith were conspicuous by their absence, there was a capital display of black villainy and white virtue. On Wednesday the popular manager, Mr. A. L. Crauford, takes his benefit, and on that occasion Mrs. Sara Lane will delight the heart of Hoxton, while the programme will be on a more lavish scale than ever.

Mr. Henderson is doing very well with the new Grand Theatre, Fulham. Full houses have been the rule since the opening, and I am tempted to ask the vital question, "What will become of the real London houses?" Suburbia has been a regular patron from time immemorial; on behalf of Suburbia the railway companies have run "theatre trains"; all the big houses must acknowledge the support that has come from quarters beyond the radius. Town itself, in the West-End sense of the term, cannot fill our theatres, and now the suburbs are getting the drama brought to their doorstep. Some houses built only a few years ago in outlying London have already changed hands, leaving the first proprietor an enormous fortune; cheap prices, decent refreshment, no train journey, and a modern theatre instead of a barn, who shall stand up against these advantages?

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Max Pemberton has not hitherto given us so excellent a bit of work as his new collection of stories, "The Queen of the Jesters" (Pearson). His invention has before this been both happy and rich; but he has lately learnt the knack of a brief and telling narrative style which very few of the adventure-story writers of the day can compete with. He wastes neither time nor words, and has developed a dramatic sense that was not visible in his earlier work. Indeed, much of the book suggests the stage, even the fault of making the central figure, Corinne de Montesson, protector of rogues, player of practical jokes on the Chief of Police, far too fine, and fair, and schoolgirlish a person. One of the tales, called "A Prison of Swords," could, without much difficulty, be turned into a short play, and is worth the trouble for the sake of the great moment when the old prisoner, released for a few brief hours, finds himself face to face with the man who had sought to injure his good name, and who had brought about his terrible punishment. He forces the enemy to combat, in spite of his years, strikes joyfully and without any more fear or sorrow for the coming captivity. He will bear all for the fulfilment of the dearest longing of his heart.

Perhaps "The Skipper's Wooing," Mr. W. W. Jacob's new book, is not so irresistibly funny as "Many Cargoes"; but it is not light weight on the count of fun, and it shows other qualities which will help the clever new writer to keep the sympathies of the public. His seafaring men have all a tendency to resemble a rather limited number of types; but we like the types, and shall not tire of them for some time to come. There is the good-hearted skipper, very serious, very awkward, and very secretive in love. There is the knowing watcher, and there is the farcical fool. The sea-dogs have no vices to speak of, unless a continuous thirst be accounted one by the strait-laced. Perhaps they are not quite men all through, but they are excellent comedy puppets. Mr. Jacob has evidently not acquired the art of spinning out his stuff. The idea, that of a boat's crew being given the task—with its promise of reward—of finding a long-missing man by the aid of a photograph, might have been made the centre of a dozen other stories.

Miss Alice Zimmern has done again what a good many have done before her—she has told the old stories of Greek gods and heroes for children. With Kingsley's book now in an excellent cheap edition, and with Miss Younghusband's translations from De Witt, it looks as if the new version were not much wanted. But Miss Zimmern's can answer for itself. It is more comprehensive than the others; it serves better than do they the useful purpose of shedding light on the numerous allusions to Greek poetry and mythology in English literature. And its style has the merit of brevity and directness. Without a doubt, "Old Tales from Greece" is the most attractive volume yet published in Mr. Unwin's "Children's Study."

Some sane and intelligent standard is wanted by which to judge such a story as the one before me now—"Liza of Lambeth" (Unwin). The writer, Mr. W. S. Maugham, is new to me. I am willing to own that the book has talent and force, but I am quite unwilling to own that talent and force justify any literary manifestation which they may happen to choose. Perhaps "Liza" is a faithful "document." I do not know, but am inclined to doubt it. The scene between the heroine's mother and the *sage femme* at the end is evident caricature. The villain seems an awkward translation for melodrama into "realism." The good young man comes from the Sunday School books, with the piety omitted. The slang and the swearing may be true to the life, for all I know. But the picture of ugliness is wantonly, inhumanly conceived; if copied, which I doubt, then brutally copied. There is a kind of mild pity running loosely about the pages for a girl with a happy nature doomed to sordid joys and final misery. But it is very mild, of a much fainter hue than the writer's enjoyment while he is depicting the meanness, hideousness, and violence of Liza's circumstances. It out-Morrison's Mr. Morrison in its ugliness, without arresting our attention as does the "Tales of Mean Streets," and, concerning the grosser side of the lives of the poor, it is far less reticent. "Liza of Lambeth" might rouse interest were it the book of a pioneer determined to cast off the last rag of sentimentalism from East-End life; but that last rag has been shed. We have no illusions left. But some of us, and the most of us, revolt from pain and degradation being used merely as material out of which to produce cheap artistic effects. The East-End novelist need not write as a missionary and a philanthropist. But he should have respect unto human nature, and leave the blacker side alone, unless he is a big man with some glimmerings of the meaning of tragedy, and not a mere "artist." How many years, by the way, will it take to degrade that good name so that no decent writer will consent to be called by it?

A very pleasant compilation is the book of English Epigrams and Epitaphs which Mr. Aubrey Stewart has edited for Messrs. Chapman and Hall's new series of selections. The *jeux d'esprit* are well chosen, and none the worse that many of them are well known, and some of them very recent in composition and fame. *Hic tacet*, as the epitaph on a great talker, is still unrivalled, and out of the many rhymed jests of Oxford Mr. Stewart has enshrined a few here that are worth keeping. We can still bear to be reminded of—

I am the Dean of Christchurch, sir;
This is my wife, pray look at her;
I am broad and she is high;
We are the University.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Sept. 29, 6.42; Thursday, 6.40; Friday, 6.38; Saturday, 6.34; Sunday, 6.32; Monday, 6.30; Tuesday, 6.25.

Those illustrious publishers, Messrs. Digby and Long, or rather, one of the partners in that famous firm, complains bitterly that while cycling lately in a country lane he was nearly shot by a party of partridge-shooters, who fired at random across the hedge, and no less than ten similar complaints have reached me since the beginning of the shooting season. Upon the occasion in question the plaintiff was himself at fault, for he admits that, though he looked over the hedge and saw the shooters advancing towards him down the field, he stopped to watch them, instead of promptly lowering his head. The other complaints sent to me are equally futile, for the main point upon which the indignant cyclists base their protests is that they "heard the pellets"—one correspondent calls them "bullets"!—rattling in trees or hedges. Now most people are aware, and everybody should know at this time of day, that the pellets fired from a shot-gun can be heard rattling long after they have become spent and harmless.

The price of bicycles is steadily sinking, and whereas, a year ago, I knew only two makers whom I could depend upon to build me a tip-top machine at a low figure, within the last four months I have unearthed no less than six more firms whose machines are cheap, well-finished, and splendidly put together. Furthermore, I have the testimony of competent judges as to the durability and general excellence of the machines in question. Therefore, the game of bluff indulged in by certain firms who proudly boast that *they* allow "no reduction in price" will soon be played out.

Pedestrians are becoming a perfect curse, and the sooner they are taxed and set aside the better. Already they have turned the Brighton road into a sort of exercising-ground, where the staid and aged wheelman may rehearse his funeral unmolested, but where the cyclist riding at the rate of seven miles an hour is looked upon as a "scorcher" and promptly fined. No doubt the "scorcher," impure and simple, is nothing more than a parasite that thrives upon the good name of an unoffending body of workers or pleasure-seekers, as the case may be; but the peevish pedestrian whose nerves the slightest tinkle of a bicycle-bell sets upon the rack is scarcely less bloodthirsty. It is to be hoped that the question of what constitutes "furious riding" will soon be decided, for at present magistrates have only the word of the police to go by—an excellent thing in its way, no doubt, but one needing discretion, and sometimes authentication also, to support it.

The Franks Brothers, who have broken the Brighton record, started from Crawley at 4 a.m. in the dark, paced by a fast triplet to Redhill, which was reached at 4.25, unpaced from this point to Coulsdon, where they arrived at 4.42, paced by tandem to Hyde Park Corner, which was reached by 5.16, inside Palmer's time by four minutes. Nothing of note occurred from Hyde Park until they reached Merstham Hill, where they were paced by a triplet, the front tyre of which burst, bringing the

triplet over, and almost the brothers. From this point they were unpaced to Earlswood Common, thence were paced by another triplet, and they reached Crawley at 6.40, Hand Cross at 6.57, and Brighton at 7.49, finishing up strong and well, without dismounting the whole of the way, in 5 hours 56 sec.; previous time, five hours 9 min. 45 sec. by Palmer.

Mr. T. C. Bamford, the hon. sec. of the Watford Cycling Club, recently received the gold medal of the North Road Cycling Club for a fine twelve-hours' run on the western roads. He covered a distance of 177½ miles, and finished up in splendid form by doing the last seven miles in seventeen minutes. This makes the third gold medal Mr. Bamford has won on the road, and he has been the recipient of many congratulations, both from his friends in West Herts and at Euston Station, he being a popular member of the London and North-Western office staff.



MR. T. C. BAMFORD.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

There comes to me from breezy and enterprising Bexhill-on-Sea a handy pocket-map for cyclists, published by the De La Warr Cycling Boulevard. The map includes the region from Brighton to Winchelsea, and is minutely filled in as far north as Tunbridge Wells. In less detail it extends to Tunbridge. South of the Wells, however, every by-path is clearly indicated, and this little pocket-companion will, no doubt, be a boon to many a holiday-maker who has taken his or her wheel to the seaside. The map, which is enclosed in a stout cover and occupies little or no space, costs only fourpence.

Many Catholic priests whose parishes lie in unfrequented districts of Ireland are strongly advocating the use of the wheel on Sundays, because they find that by so doing they fill their churches far more rapidly than they would do if the country carts and slow-going ponies of a decade ago were to remain in vogue. Yet in England country clergymen, for the most part, still look askance at the Sunday cyclist, and denounce him from the pulpit, though why it should be harmless to move one's feet to and fro on Sunday as a mode of progress, but sinful to revolve them, is one of those problems that learned ecclesiastics are alone able to solve.

The cyclists of Taunton and the neighbouring towns recently held their annual church parade at Oake, Somerset, when a sermon on sport was delivered by the rector, Rev. J. R. Broughton. The church was crowded, and the service, which was entered into heartily, was the second of the kind which has been held in this church. After service, the rector's brother, Mr. H. T. Broughton, provided refreshments for the visitors in the schoolroom.

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer should make up his mind to impose a tax on cycles, great would be the outcry throughout the length and breadth of the land, for the tax would affect such a vast number of people, and we all prefer the imposition of a tax on our neighbour's goods rather than our own. This method of increasing the public revenue appears to be gaining favour abroad, for I see that Bavaria and Austria are both contemplating a cycle-tax. In the former country it is estimated that it would produce £40,000 a year.



THE FRANKS BROTHERS, BREAKERS OF THE BRIGHTON RECORD.

Photo by Brooker and Co., Greenwich.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

ATHLETICS.

The sports held at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, on Sept. 18 included fourteen events, which were keenly contested by a large number of competitors. I reproduce a photograph of the fourth event on the programme, the finish of the 300 Yards Handicap, which was won by H. S. Szczepanski. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Lloyd, wife of the Governor, Major-General Lloyd, R.A. A remarkable feature of the sports was the establishment of a record in prize-taking by Mr. R. F. A. Hobbs, who made no fewer than six first prizes "captive to his own hand and spear."

FOOTBALL.

The Berkhamstead Club won the Apsley Charity Cup and the West Herts League Championship last season by scoring 17 points out of a possible 20. In the Watford St. Mary Cup they beat Watford St. Mary's in the final. These performances are highly creditable to a club which is only two years' old, and as the men are, with the exception of A. G. Dwight, who is playing for the Burton-on-Trent Swifts, all available this season, the outlook is very promising, the club being well supported locally and having the Rector of the parish for its president. By these League games the sum of a hundred and twenty pounds was obtained for the West Herts Infirmary and other local charities, certainly a most commendable way of combining sport with benevolence.

RACING NOTES.

A very old friend who has followed racing for fifty years ventured the opinion to me, on the appearance of the weights for the Autumn Handicaps, that Soliman would win the Cesarewitch and Marco the Cambridgeshire. I think the long race will go to the first-named, but I notice that Marco is being heavily backed for the same event. Of course, Mr. Luscombe is acting rightly in trying to win a long-distance race with Marco if the horse can stay, but I venture to think that he will run much better in the Cambridgeshire than he will in the Cesarewitch, and he may even now score in the shorter event, unless St. Cloud II. is saved for this race.

The famous race at the Edinburgh Meeting is the Gold Cup which was established to commemorate the birthday of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. It was made in the

shape of a "Scots quaff," and had engraved on it the Prince of Wales's crest and a motto which ran, "This gift is dedicated for the celebration of 30 Oct., being the birthday of H.R.H. George, Prince of Wales, High Steward of Scotland, and the hope, honour, and safety of the Royal Family and British Nation in the year of Christ 1717." On the same occasion a Plate of fifty pounds was also instituted, in honour of the victory gained by the Duke of Argyll over the rebels at the Battle of Dunblane. Both events were decided on Leith Sands. The first was won by Slow Tom and the second by Creeping Kate.—CAPTAIN COE.



FINISH OF THE THREE HUNDRED YARDS AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY SPORTS.

Photo by Higgins, Plumstead.



THE BERKHAMPSTEAD CLUB.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMPSTEAD.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

One of Mark Twain's many good things paraphrases another classic Americanism in the sentence, "Be good and you will be lonesome," and the line is, I believe, actually used in the posters already advertising that quaint philosopher's new book around "N'York" at the moment. If "lonesomeness" indeed results in "goodness," then is the strayed and lost habitant of a September London beatified exceedingly. Two weeks ago the Fates, "unkist, unkind," recalled me to London, and here I have languished ever since in a depopulated desert of drawn blinds and dried-up window-boxes "lonesome and good," if one means the other, according to Mr. Clemens, but dissatisfied exceedingly. Of course, there have been droppers-in who, "passing through Town"—it's wonderful how that legend obtains in September—and, seeing muslin curtains and a generally inhabited air, thought they would trust themselves to the very off chance of a cup of tea. These stray swallows I have hailed with a rapture which in May or November would surely never be their portion, but they pass, and then the September London closes in on one again like a whole monthful of consecutive Sundays. Never have I and never shall I undergo a fortnight of Town so undeserving of its big T again. Even the hats and bonnets are inchoate, unfledged, and wavering, and the shop-windows but a bewildering forecast of what fashions are not to be. I walked up Regent Street a day or two since, and saw country cousins thick as leaves in that over-quoted Vallambrosa hovering between the allurements of one milliner's shop and another. They will buy their bonnets, vanish into the provinces, and doubtless live happily with them ever after, but the woman who has to submit her millinery to the scrutiny of winter afternoons in Town will not buy it just yet, or, if she does, then clothes with her are but a secondary consideration. What is really settled about winter modes and methods resolves itself into the shape of skirt which we shall wear. Paris has tired of the outspread skirt, and, when Paris decides, the King may be said to have spoken. Already there is looming in the distance the clinging, trailing, draggletailed train



FOR THE MOORS.

of untidy but picturesque memory. And, as all changes hasten slowly, as the Florentines say, the first step towards this thousness is shown by the close outline, with suggestions of fulness about the feet, which newest skirts, as worn by fashionable Parisians, show. In this charmingly built frock of dull powder-blue cloth, which is illustrated, with its modish embroideries of tiny steel beads, the new skirt is dimly

outlined, but only dimly, so as not to severely shock our affections and beliefs in the inevitableness of horsehair and gores. Three wide pleats at the back still widen into godets, but these even are of diminished aspect. Beneath the hips a garland of blue chenille and steel beads gives the *cachet* of its maker to the costume. The bodice has a tight, seamless back, blouse-shaped in front, with a prettily curved vest of lace over white satin. The fronts are unequal, the right being longer than the left, which, when gathered into the waist and brought up under the arm on one side, gives the effect produced here. A waistband of velvet in deeper shade is cut on the cross, and matches small epaulettes and revers of bodice, which are also embroidered. Beige-colour and drabs of all shades seems to have caught on at last. They were exploited here six months since, when Frenchwomen began to wear them, but we are a conservative community, and do not readily take things—or, shall I say, objects—to our hearts until familiarised somewhat with their seductions. Meanwhile, from the particular and personal point of view, I may say that I am on the high-road to Paris for a winter outfit. Some friends who got the fascinating idea of spending autumn in the Forest of Fontainebleau have asked me to dilute other excitements by a visit to their leafy shades, and the opportunity of such Eden-like environment is not one to be missed, apart altogether from the more active raptures of afternoons among the modistes of La Ville Lumière. Prince and Princess Edmond de Polignac, who occupy that delightful abode known as the Villa Pompadour, are hosts to be reckoned with at Fontainebleau, seeing that their concerts and *réceptions intimes*, held in a house which is, in itself, a miracle of eighteenth-century tradition and decoration, are the particular events which punctuate the life of "playing at rusticity" in that favourite spot. Madame Edmund Dollfus is another hostess of fame, fortune, and well-acquitted hospitality in these parts, her lovely house, the Villa Sainte Marie, being a known and noted centre of rendezvous for the socially elect. I hear also of dinner-parties at the Comte de Sartiges', where the flowers and feasting might shame Herculeum of the ancients. Altogether the Forest promises particularly well, and, added to these especial temptations set forth, I shall, no doubt, return crammed with ideas of the "last cry," so vital to the whole sex from all points of view.

Shooting, though an amusement subscribed to by the very feminine few in this country, still pursues the bloodthirsty tenor of its way in some houses regularly as the season comes round, and I have for the benefit of these later-day Dianas designed a shooting-dress which unites all the virtues of an ideal outfit in itself. The skirt is narrow and short, with blouse-shaped bodice basqued and scalloped; the colour a cigar-brown cloth, banded with narrow strips of real sealskin, an effective, weather-proof, and smart trimming. The Tyrolean hat of colour to match, with velvet bow and heron-feathers, completes a very complete equipment. All that young woman wants below is a full bag and someone agreeable, if not eager, to carry same. How charming to exchange this uniform of the moors for such airy fairy panoply of war as this gown of tulle and ribbon on the other hand!

The luxury of living is best apparent when the heat and battle of day are set aside for the sweet do-nothingness of evening. This little dress of white over palest green taffetas has a rounded skirt, tight over the hips at front and sides; the back is gathered. Ten rows of green satin ribbon go round the skirt in hoops at equal distances, and the shades of green vary from medium to the palest tones, beginning with the deepest at hem. The square-cut bodice encloses both shoulders in the style which Frenchwomen know as *à la vierge*. It is considered the best form and



POWDER-BLUE AND STEEL.

the most becoming as well for young girls, more liberal space being reserved for the more opulent charms which incline to such liberty. Very pretty is the drapery of white tulle which starts from shoulders, crosses at waist, and is attached on one shoulder by a bunch of pink moss-rosebuds and at the other by fussy bows of ribbon. The rosebuds form a garland tapering gradually to the waist, and in this art of arranging flowers much depends for the success or failure of an evening-bodice. Velvet flowers are in favour at the moment, and some cleverly contrived dahlias and chrysanthemums of finely graduated tones shown me this week not alone hold the candle to Nature, but in the point of beauty the extinguisher too. The most *chic* effects possible are obtained by the mixture of different colours in beige or drab, and the going-away dress of a next week's bride made on these lines owns a very complete and uncommon air of its own. A rather bright drab cashmere, with skirt made to hang about the ankles in folds after the approved new manner, has applied arabesques of a deeper shade in drab velvet. This ornamentation, which takes the form of four-leaved shamrocks, is laid on at both sides of apron and around edge; the blouse-bodice decorated to match but with smaller shamrocks. A waistband of dull pink velvet, draped and fastened with a stiff-pointed bow, gives that charming point

of colour which beige or drab responds to with such good effect. Long sleeves opening over the hand in points *à la Sarah* were lined to the wrist with pink, and a neck drapery to correspond, with cravat of ivory Chantilly, made most becoming cause with a clear brunette complexion.

With the exception of weddings, which follow on each other's heels with startling alacrity, there is nothing much going on in Town. This balmy Indian summer keeps people lingering on at seaside, spa, or moor, as the case may be. Abroad, however, there is sport and to spare, judging from one's morning budget of foreign post-marked letters, which "contain announcements," as the newspaper people say, of gay doings here and there which fairly make one's mouth water for any atmosphere and surrounding that is not of the Metropolis. At Biarritz, for instance, what with race-meetings, balls, theatricals, and various other diversions, life seems to spin itself in very iridescent colours. All the smart Russians crowd in at this time of year, just as the too



[Copyright.]

WHITE TULLE AND GREEN RIBBONS.

oppressively "rich" British element disappears and the "nice" people, as poor Corney Grain used to say, of all sorts have it to themselves. Mrs. Slater's pleasant "hop" at the Villa Blanche made one of last week's occasions, with endless novelties from Paris to make the cotillon go and a phalanx of good-looking young men ready and eager for the fray. The Marquise de Salamanca went in black and white, with nothing startling in the way of costume or colour to detract from her really regal pearls. The Marquise d'Alcedo, always a woman one would "pick out in a crowd," went in white satin. On Tuesday she was at one of Queen Natalie's little dinners, given to meet the young King, who has come on from Carlsbad for a fortnight.

I suppose it is mere envy, spite, and all uncharitableness which makes one's gorge rise when more happily placed people bestrew four pages of note with descriptive eloquence concerning the oleanders, roses, and violets of Lake Como at the present wind-blown moment. But so it is. However much we rejoice in the abstract over "improved conditions" and the evolution of mankind, flesh and blood *will* revolt when your best friend marries a millionaire, or even prattles from afar of dulcet sunsets and the general enviableness of living, while you are making the most of a drab-coloured atmosphere on five hundred a-year. It was all very fine for that dear, sweet, irrepressible Goldsmith to talk about chests of drawers by day and other things by night, but a poet never really understands the exigencies of his own or any other era. We live in an age when fifty guineas is no extraordinary equivalent for a dinner-dress, and when tradesmen's wives wear diamond tiaras no less proudly than their

husbands' patrons, and in the general subversion of classes and masses the battle is to the strong in Consols.

On Saturday, with other sanguine people, I went to Hurst Park in the faint yet ardent hope of returning even a humble bank-note to the good. I accomplished exactly the reverse, notwithstanding frequent and fervently whispered tips of the most infallible. Horseracing is like the journalistic career—it accomplishes only surprises, notwithstanding all one's inherited beliefs about breeding, mettle, staying-power, and so forth. After the third race, being only my return ticket to the good, I looked around for effects in frocks, and found one or two things worth admiring, but purely of a sporting character, *bien entendu*, dress, in its ordinary acceptation, being inadmissible at race-meetings for the moment. One of the frocks I noticed was a black cloth, made with straight-cut skirt and moujik jacket; narrow bands of tailed ermine bound the edges and outlined the seams of skirt; muff to match, collarette also, and a daintily turned-out toque of scarlet velvet trimmed with sable tails and musk—a very noticeable though not conspicuous costume, and distinctly "well worn," in the sense of being new and smartly cut. The other dress at which my roving fancy halted was a very light, almost a creamy, shade of drab covert-coating in the frock-coat style. A storm collar and lapels of sable harmonised with it most admirably; a waistcoat of dull-pink face-cloth, double-breasted and buttoned across with plain silver buttons, was a brilliant though not too brightly hued idea; the tailor-made character of the costume was preserved, while the harmony of colouring was quite perfect.

All along the fairy lake-sides of Como I hear from friends who, far from considering the subject of autumns, are well content to bask in the summer raiment which their present ideal weather makes still possible. Bellagio is in a little ferment of gaiety, so many people have not alone stayed on, but arrived, since this lovely weather set in. Some American girls whom I am not allowed to mention have outpaced all European competitors by the gorgeousness and glory of their costumes, and it is reported that one has dressed herself into the affections of a well-known artist lately staying on these favoured shores, while another has deliberately possessed herself of a North Country baronet! What would hotel life be without its spicy occasions of unlimited gossip? Six velvet gowns of different shades have been counted in the repertoire of these well-fortified sisters, and my garrulous correspondent has even taken the trouble to assure herself that they are "Lyons velvet, my dear!" The lady of a certain age—chiefly if unmarried—is kept alive by the small excitements derived from watching other people.

It may be rank heresy to say so, but I do not believe all the velvets of Genoa or Florence or Lyons either can exceed in beauty, or rich, vivid colouring, the more modern but already famous Louis Velveteen, whose makers have created a new era in the manufacture of such fabrics by producing in tone and texture the most artistic and exquisite material for dresses, mantles, tea-gowns, and children's clothes variously. Some of the new beige and drab Louis Velveteens in various gradations have all the sheen and finish of high-priced silk-backed stuffs. There are tones of moss-green, bronze, and emerald which would make charming moujik jackets when edged with fur or sable; delightful heliotropes, ambers, pale pinks, water-greens, silver-greys for winter tea-gowns. In fact, there is not a discoverable *nuance* of any colour which is not covered by these rich, soft velvets, every yard of which is marked with the maker's name as a guarantee of excellence, and the price of which is within compass of the slimmest purse. I counsel all brunettes to treat themselves to a prune (Nos. 409 or 410) redingote of Louis, or one of the three lovely myrtle-greens (Nos. 32, 384, or 368). Fair women are so easily suited that they can make a choice, haphazard almost, between one colour or another.

It is singular how individuals vary in degree of susceptibility to the sting of the wasp. An inquest was held recently at Oakley, in Bedfordshire, on the body of a woman who had died from the effects of a sting a few minutes after receiving it. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from shock," but I have an idea that it is the poison of the wasp that affects different people in different degrees. I know a lady in Devonshire who, when stung, faints and becomes black in the face: so dangerous to her life do the doctors consider a wasp-sting that she is obliged to spend the summer veiled, swathed, and gloved in such wise as to leave no spot of skin exposed to the enemy. On the other hand, I know two people who are practically immune, feeling no effects whatever from the worst sting; one case is the more curious because the lady is peculiarly susceptible to the bites of gnat, mosquito, and other insects.

I note that the Diplôme d'Honneur, which is one grade higher than the Gold Medal, has been awarded to "Vinolia" Soap for Toilet purposes at the International Exhibition at Brussels. It may be recollected that it was to "Vinolia" Soap that the Sanitary Institute awarded their medal, which is probably the highest scientific award in the world ever given to soaps.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CECILIA (Slough).—I have made inquiries among some friends who will, I hope, give me names and addresses of two or three likely to suit. I am, meanwhile, asked if you require one or more lessons in the week for some time of a course.

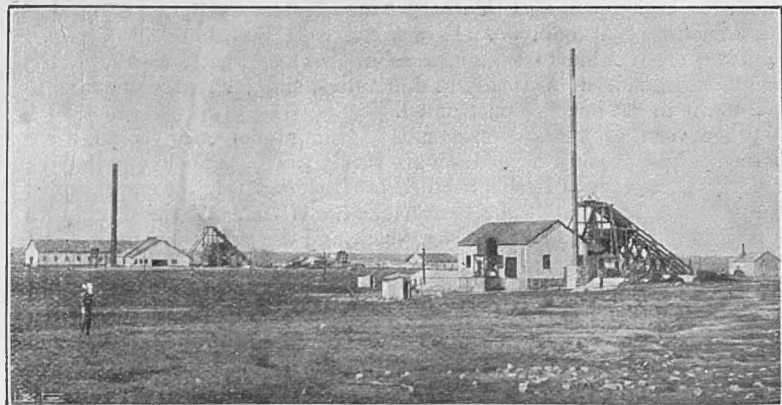
AUNT (Chester).—(1) The practical way would be to get estimates from two or three first-rate firms in your own place, and from London as well. (2) The costume might be rendered like this: pink taffetas under two or three different shades of pink tulle, with paste sewn on all over to simulate dew; a ceinture with long ends made of rosebuds; others arranged as a tiara, and again on bodice and bordering skirt. "Morning Rosebud" is a pretty idea, and, of course, according to all tradition, it should be "lightly tipped with dew." SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Oct. 11.

MONEY MARKET.

The directors of the Bank of England raised the minimum rate of discount from 2 per cent.—the rate at which it has stood since May 13 last—to 2½ per cent. It is the general impression, however, that this rise of ½ per cent. will not be sufficiently effective, and that a 3 per cent. rate in the near future is probable. Very little effect was produced in



THE LANCASTER MINE.

Photo by White, Krugersdorp.

the discount market by the change of rate, the movement having been pretty well anticipated. Following the announcement, the joint-stock banks increased their deposit rates from ½ to 1 per cent., but, as the discount houses had raised their rates on Aug. 30, no further alteration was made by them, so their rates remain as before at 1 per cent. for call, and 1½ for notice. The London Clearing Bankers have shown their emphatic disapproval of any attempt being made to tamper with the gold reserve by the substitution, under certain conditions, of one-fifth in silver. Their protest has been embodied in a resolution, copies of which have been forwarded to the Bank of England, the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Treasury, and to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. After this expression of opinion from such an influential body, we do not expect to hear anything more about a silver reserve. We do not think, however, that the alteration was seriously contemplated, as could be seen by the conditions attached to it. All the same, it is a pity to toy with bimetallism.

GRAND TRUNKS.

A considerable appreciation has taken place in the various issues of this company during the month, which, to our mind, outside the debenture stocks, is not justified by the actual operations and prospects of the railway. It is true that the traffic returns have been satisfactory of late, that economies have been introduced, and that the discriminating tariff duties will benefit the company; but when we compare the prices of a month ago with those at present ruling, we cannot but think that the speculative buying has been considerably overdone, and that the market, after the excitement has passed off, will appraise these securities at something less than they are at present quoted. A reference to the Stock Exchange List shows that, comparing the prices at the beginning of the month with those current while we write, there have been rises of no less than 9 points in the Four per Cent. Guaranteed, 7 points in the First Preference, and 5 points in the Second Preference, and the market is still going strong. This rate of advance is too quick for our ideas of Grand Trunk development, and our readers should think twice before operating at those inflated prices.

OUR AFRICAN LETTER.

This week our Johannesburg correspondent sends us an account of two mines which are well known here, and in which we have good reason to believe not a few of our readers are interested. The mines our correspondent writes about are in the nature of speculative investments rather than gambles, and the information contained in the following letter should be found of great use to those readers who like this class of security.

GEORGE GOCH GOLD-MINING COMPANY.

Before these lines are in print the 60 new stamps of the George Goch will have commenced to crush, and, the new equipment being also at work, this mine is pretty certain to come to the front. Outputs and profits will both be on a different scale from what they have hitherto been, and in the course of time dividends will be forthcoming. Of late, working under certain disadvantages, the company has only been earning from £1200 to £1500 per month. The average yield lately has been about 27s. per ton milled, the recovery for last year being 81.41 per cent. of the gold contents of the ore. Of the rock mined, about 25 per cent. is discarded as waste or of too low grade to treat profitably. In these circumstances a yield of 27s. per ton is poor, but the Goch is admittedly a low-grade proposition which can only be made to yield dividends by dint of rigid economies and a large reduction plant.

Costs being usually reckoned on the tonnage milled, not mined, it follows that when only 6000 tons can be treated out of 8000 mined, the rate of expenses must appear comparatively high. The working rate of late for all charges except depreciation has been about 23s. per ton, and on a 27s. yield this merely leaves a profit of 4s. per ton. Frankly, if there was no prospect of a greater profit than 4s. per ton, the George Goch ought to be left alone by the Home investor, but it can be demonstrated that much better results will be shown when the whole of the new

plant is in working order, apart even from the economies which the Boer Government may render possible for the Rand mining industry generally.

What is known as "sorting"—the picking out of waste rock—will be more rigidly practised by means of the new plant, and the result will at once be apparent in an increased yield per ton milled. "Sorting" is adopted successfully at many of the best mines on the Rand, particularly where thin reefs are mined with a certain proportion of barren rock, and in recent months the Crown Reef and Geldenhuis Deep—to instance only two mines—have shown much better results by this means. Then it is anticipated that the percentage of gold extracted will be considerably higher when the new plant is at work. At present a considerable proportion of the gold passes off in the slimes, and it is hoped to recover some of this by vanners. The treatment of slimes, now successfully solved by the process of the Rand Central Ore-Reduction Company, may also be adopted here, as it has been at other mines, with satisfactory results. In short, by close concentration and lengthy treatment it is hoped to make an extra 5s. per ton on the tailings treated.

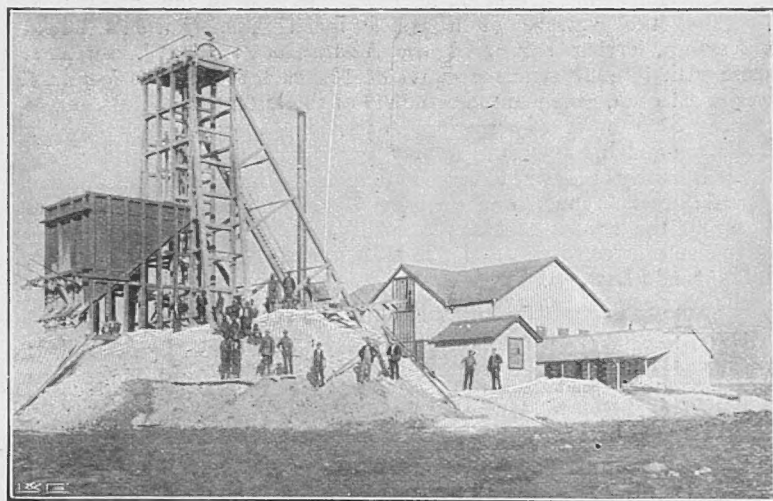
As to costs, these must necessarily be lower with the new and enlarged plant at work, every possible labour-saving appliance being adopted. This is only in keeping with the experience of every company on the Rand which has gone in for such an equipment. A considerable saving could be effected in a variety of ways were the Boer Government to adopt the recommendations of the Mining Commission. At this mine dynamite costs 1s. 5½d. and coal 2s. 4d. per ton milled, the latter being largely made up of railway charges, and the Volksraad can easily reduce these items alone by fully 1s. per ton milled. It seems not an over-sanguine estimate that the rate of costs at this mine will be brought down before long to 18s. or 19s. per ton, and, allowing that the enlarged battery will crush 14,000 tons a-month, the profits will be considerably augmented, even on the present yield, but, as above shown, a larger yield is to be anticipated. There are over 400,000 tons of ore developed, and, before long, the battery will probably be further enlarged. Under all the circumstances, this is a mine upon which the investor should keep an eye.

LANCASTER MINE.

About the time these lines appear in *The Sketch* a number of new batteries on the West Rand will start crushing, and attention will be attracted in that direction. The batteries of the Lancaster, York, Violet, and West Rand companies will all begin to work about the same time. The West Rand, as a whole, may be said to be on its trial as it never was before. It may be conceded at once that there is no mine here to compare with the Angelo or Driefontein on the East Rand, but, speaking from an intimate acquaintance with the district, I can safely assert that some of the properties on the West Rand are going to turn out well, and that it is only a question of time till the reputation of this district, as a whole, will be established. The Lancaster is a big mine with over three hundred reef claims. There are really two mines on the property, which, in other words, has two sets of reefs. The Battery series to the south and the Botha series underlying the entire property from the northern boundary are very possibly the true extension of the Main Reef series. On the Battery Reef some 80,000 tons of ore have been developed, a couple of shafts going down on the incline from the outcrop to a depth of nearly 500 feet in the one case and over 600 feet in the other. The assays average about 15 dwt., and even allowing for only a 60 per cent. extraction, this would mean a yield of 9 dwt., or 36s. per ton milled. This estimate is well within the mark. Two shafts have also been put down to work the Botha series, which enters the property from the north at a depth of several hundred feet. The little development work so far done on the Botha Reefs, as well as the evidence of bore-holes, show these reefs to be generally thin but very rich, assays of several ounces to the ton being quite common. Probably it is the ore from the Botha rather than the Battery Reefs which will make the reputation of the Lancaster mine, just as the same series showed phenomenal results at the neighbouring Champ d'Or some years ago. Crushing will begin with 60 stamps, and when the Botha Reefs have been opened up the battery will be increased to 100 stamps. The equipment of the mine is of the most complete and up-to-date description.

HOME RAILS.

Since we last wrote, a much more cheerful feeling has sprung up in this market, and prices have been moving upwards more in keeping with the substantial traffic increases which have been coming forward. A more hopeful view is also being taken with regard to the outcome of the engineering dispute, the fact of informal meetings taking place with the



THE LANCASTER MINE: HEADGEAR OF ONE OF THE FOUR SHAFTS.

Photo by White, Krugersdorp.

Board of Trade being looked upon in a favourable light. There seems every prospect at the moment of speculative activity setting in, and dealers are quietly acquiring stock in view of a brisk demand when operators return to town from their holidays.

YANKEES.

Prices in this department keep moving upwards, despite an occasional set-back. In the midst of this upward movement, however, there is a strong undercurrent of nervousness, which may tend to demoralise the

market at any moment. The "bull" movement is still being engineered from Wall Street, and strong efforts are being made to induce the public on this side to come in seriously. We trust the public on this side will not be so foolish as to yield to the temptation. There are plenty of better ways of losing money. We are still on the search for somebody who can tell us intelligibly why American Rails have been rising. To-day it is one stock, to-morrow it will be another; but, unless our judgment is very far out, there is nothing behind the movement except the old game of bluff. On this occasion the "London" market is a comparatively passive party in the farce. It is futile to discuss the respective merits of stocks. Such market as there now exists in Yankees is mostly confined to such stocks as have no merits to speak of.

LAGUNAS NITRATE.

While litigation is pending we are precluded from saying anything on the merits of the dispute between the Lagunas Nitrate Company and the Lagunas Syndicate and others. But it cannot be contempt of Court to remark upon the extraordinary circular issued by the Board of the Lagunas Nitrate Company, in which they notify, in effect, that they have made a trading profit which enabled them to declare an interim dividend of 4 per cent.; but the "legal advisers of the company in the pending lawsuit with the former directors and the Lagunas Syndicate, submitted such strong representations to this company's directors with respect to the propriety of paying such dividends, and the influence of its payment upon the company's prospects of success in the lawsuit, that the Board, with regret, notified the shareholders the necessity of postponing the payment of any dividend until its termination. The action, it is fully expected, will be tried at the commencement of the New Year." What, in the name of common sense, does this mean? If the payment of an earned dividend would have a prejudicial effect on the event of a lawsuit, surely the effect would be just the same if the money were held back avowedly to influence the prospects of success in the suit!

THE LA PLATA MINE.

It appears that a great effort is being made by the directors and officials of this wretched concern to induce the misguided shareholders to agree to a fourth reconstruction. It is hard to lose your bread and cheese, and we are, therefore, not surprised that further efforts are being made, this time to remove the scene of operations to Western Australia, and keep the concern alive, despite the report of the shareholders' committee. The last balance-sheet showed expenditure on the so-called mine of £97, and in London of £1848, which included £900 for directors' fees. Could anything be more eloquent? The company has exploited America and Africa in vain, but now let us try our hands at Western Australia, says the worthy secretary. We can hardly believe the shareholders will be weak enough to subscribe any more money, even threepence a share, to keep alive an organisation which has proved so unsuccessful during the last fourteen years. It would be better, in our opinion, to let the directors and secretary look out for fresh billets, and wind the concern up with decency and order.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES INVESTMENTS, LIMITED.

Mr. T. H. Watson is standing godfather to a new company with the above title which one Larchin proposes to exploit. The affair is being largely puffed in a "private" circular which Mr. Watson is sending out to all sorts and conditions of men—and women too, for that matter—whereby it is hoped that 100,000 shares of the new baby may be got rid of without the expense of a public issue. Mr. Watson's friend Mr. Larchin, having registered the Australian Colonies Investments concern with 180,000 ordinary shares of 10s. each and 10,000 founders' shares of £1 each, proposes to keep 8000 of the latter for himself, and to give away 2000 to the silly people who provide the ordinary capital for Mr. Watson and his associates to play with. The private circular says that "it is hardly necessary to refer to the success of the syndicates started in Broad Street Avenue," and we have therefore been to the trouble of looking up the record of Mr. Watson and his associates, and we find that the coterie consists of Mr. T. H. Watson, Mr. L. C. Alexander, Mr. J. Orlando Law, and Major J. A. Travers, who figure as directors of the following companies—

The Coolgardie Gold Syndicate, Limited; The Great Reef, Limited; Ingamasonga Reef, Limited; Guy Fawkes Reef, Limited; Massi Kessi Reefs, Limited; New Gold Fields Syndicate, Limited; Pardy's Mozambique Syndicate, Limited; Pardy's Range, Limited; Sherlaw's Gold Mine, Limited; Victory Gold Mining Company, Limited; Webster's Find, Limited.

The authorised capital of this pretty list amounts to £875,000, to which must be added the new concern's £100,000, or £975,000 in all! It is true, of the foregoing three are promoting syndicates, and have made money and distributed dividends out of profits made by floating the remainder of the list, but we should be glad to know if one single concern over which Mr. Watson and his associates preside has ever earned a single penny of honest profit by gold-mining or out of the ground which the public has so lavishly provided the money to work, or, indeed, if a hundred ounces of gold has ever been won in any of the mines which these active and industrious promoters have succeeded in inducing a guileless public to purchase. Perhaps some correspondent will oblige with particulars of an encouraging nature, but, until then, we strongly urge our readers to let Mr. Larchin and his friend Mr. Watson keep their ordinary and founders' shares in the Australian Colonies Investments, Limited.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

Once upon a time, as the story-books say, there was a decent, honest little cycle company which, rejoicing in the name of the Quinton, carried on a reasonably profitable trade in medium-priced machines for middle-class buyers. If it had been allowed to go on its way, the concern might have proved lucrative to its shareholders, and useful to the public, or such small portion of that august body as bought Quinton cycles; but in an evil moment, some fifteen months ago, Harry J. Lawson (who calls himself the inventor of the safety bicycle) cast envious eyes on the little concern with its modest capital of £32,000, bought it up, and refloated it with the high-sounding title of the New Beeston Cycle Company, and with a capital of £1,000,000. How much cash foolish people actually found we are unable to say, but, as might have been expected, the Lawsonian promotion is already in difficulties, and, for reasons not far to seek, wants to get itself reconstructed.

Whenever this man Lawson lays his blighting touch on anything, there the seeds of failure and liquidation are surely sown. The agony may be long, the shares may be rigged to all sorts of prices, but in the end death in some unpleasant form is certain to overtake the victim. As the slug leaves his trail of slime over the strawberry-bed, and the skunk his unpleasant odour wherever he goes, so can the trail of Harry J. Lawson be traced in the world of finance by the certainty of eventual failure to be found in everything he touches. From Cattle-foods to Moore and Burgess, from Beeston Rims to New Beeston Cycle Company, from Humber Extension to Amalgamated Tyres, those who touch this man's concerns, or have any part or lot in the things with which he is associated, are sure to regret it. "Oh, but there is going to be a reconstruction, and we shall get our money back!" we hear some still trusting shareholder exclaim. Yes, there will be a reconstruction, but of a very peculiar kind. The million capital is to be cut down to £210,000, divided between two new companies; every holder of a £10 share will get two preference and three ordinary shares in each concern, credited with 17s. paid and with a liability of 3s. to provide working capital, while the vendors—that is, Lawson and his friends, we suppose—will convert their £360,000 of shares into £30,000 of debentures in each company! Oh, wise vendors!

Saturday, Sept. 25, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. H. M.—We have returned your precious pamphlet, but it was not really worth the stamped envelope you sent. The long and short of it is that Messrs. S. and Co. are prepared to bet with you at tape-prices, their gain being your loss, and *vice versa*, and to advise you how to make money out of themselves. They confess that they sell and buy direct with the client (page 71), so that there is hardly any disguise about it. If you fall into such a trap you must be an ass. The whole pamphlet is a tissue of commonplace rubbish and specious humbug. Take page 54 for example. If you *always* went in at the right moment, and sold at the exactly correct instant, possibly the profit might be made, but the idea of anyone doing so eight consecutive times is absurd. There is an old saying, "Any fool can job backwards," which is what they do in their examples. Tape-prices are notoriously wider than actual ones, so S. and Co., by dealing in this way, get a bigger advantage than usual, and play against you with next door to a certainty of winning. We cannot find space for more in this column.

VINECROFT.—In consequence of a mistake in our office your letter of Aug. 26 has only just come into our hands. We apologise for the mistake. To get 5 per cent. on permanent investments, which are reasonably safe, is no easy matter, especially with silver jumping about and making the future of such things as Mexican bonds dangerous. We suggest (1) Imperial Continental Gas stock; (2) C. Arthur Pearson pref. shares; (3) *Lady's Pictorial* preference shares; (4) Industrial Trust Unified Stock. If you would be satisfied with 4 per cent., Grand Trunk Consolidated Debentures appear an improving security. As to Mexican bonds, so much depends on the price of silver that we hardly like to pronounce an opinion. We should hold the dock ordinary stock, although it is a purchase we should not have recommended.

R. W.—There is nothing to pay for an answer in these columns. The Tyre Company, with Mr. H. J. Lawson behind it, does not appear an attractive investment, but at present prices several shrewd cycle men we know are buying, and we should, if we held shares, not be inclined to sell at half-price or something less.

OLAF.—Skinner's Mining Manual is the book you want. Any bookseller will obtain it for you. It is published at 26, Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, E.C.

S. B.—We answered your letter on the 21st inst. Great Boulder Main Reef is recommended to us from a quarter which is generally correct.

CUE.—We think we should hold the Croydon Consols, but it is not a sure thing. No 2 appears a likely speculation. As to the others, we prefer to say nothing. See answer to "S. B."

W. C.—See answer to "S. B." We think Nos. 1, 2, and 3 reasonable industrial shares to hold for investment purposes, with probably more prospect of improvement than otherwise, but No. 3 is very high. No. 4 is a speculative security as to which we would rather not pronounce an opinion. We should rather buy *Lady's Pictorial* pref. shares, Grand Trunk 4 per cent. debentures, or Imperial Continental Gas stock than anything you have named.

N. Z.—The first property named by you is being sold to an English company, as you will see by the papers. We recommended shares at about 28s., but at present prices it is quite a different thing, although our original informant is still a "bull" of them. The Indian concern is a fair speculation.

INDUSTRY.—The effect of the United States tariff is not a subject we can discuss in this column. Substantially we agree with you, both over that question and also as to Cuba.

A. J. B.—You cannot get 6 per cent. with perfect security. If you could, many of us would live on the investment of our capital and give up slaving for the Press. C. Arthur Pearson 5½ per cent. pref. shares at a trifle under par are the best thing we know for your purpose. One of the managers of the business last week bought 1000 ordinary £1 shares at £3 each, so that the preference, which rank ahead both for dividend and capital, must be, in his opinion, more than secure.

CAMDEN.—Follow the advice given in the *African Critic*. Mr. Hess knows more about Johannesburg mines than we do.